

A
WARREN
MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

75¢

588856
PDC

VAMPIRELLA



VAMPI
#29

NOV. 1973



IN THE DEPTHS
of LOCH EERIE
VAMPIRELLA
BATTLES THE
"UNDEAD
OF THE DEEP!"
Page 7

A history of VAMPIRES

LONG BEFORE CHRISTOPHER LEE PORTRAYED DRACULA ON THE SCREEN...

...BEFORE BELA LUGOSI BROUGHT DRACULA TO THE CINEMA FROM THE BROADWAY STAGE...

...LONG BEFORE MAX SCHRECK ENACTED THE PART IN THE 1922 CLASSIC NOSFERATU...

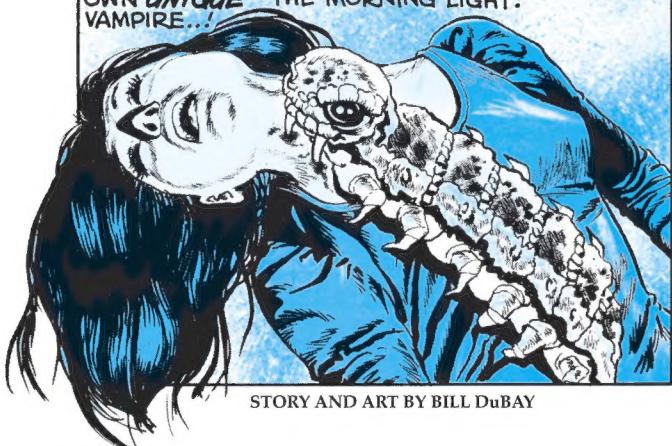
BUT UNLIKE TODAY... WHERE VAMPIRES ARE TRADITIONALLY PORTRAYED AS HANDSOME MALE ACTORS LIKE LEE AND LUGOSI, THERE ONCE WAS A TIME WHEN THE VAMPIRE WAS THOUGHT OF AS A FAR MORE FEARSOME CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!

RECORDS STILL EXIST TELLING OF THE MAMMOTH FANGED BEAST THAT DRAINED THE BLOOD OF WOMEN IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY FLORENCE!



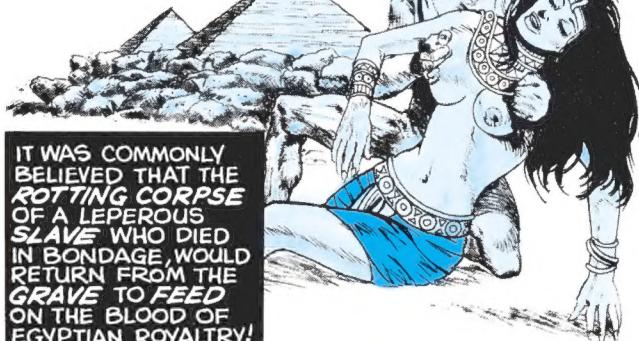
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SPANIARDS HAD THEIR OWN UNIQUE VAMPIRE...

...THE CHILD-SIZED, MULTI-FANGED SLUG... THAT MIRACULOUSLY TURNED INTO A HANDSOME SUN-BRONZED NOBLEMAN WITH THE MORNING LIGHT!



WHILE NOT A VAMPIRE IN THE STRICTEST SENSE OF THE TERM, THE FLORENTINE BLOOD BEAST REMAINS A MYSTERY TO THIS DAY, AND HAS GONE DOWN IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY AS ONE OF THE FEW TRUE, DOCUMENTED CASES OF BLOOD-LUSTING VAMPIRISM!

BUT EVEN BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, THE EGYPTIANS HAD THEIR OWN VERSION OF THE UNDEAD...



IT WAS COMMONLY BELIEVED THAT THE ROTTING CORPSE OF A LEPEROUS SLAVE WHO DIED IN BONDAGE, WOULD RETURN FROM THE GRAVE TO FEED ON THE BLOOD OF EGYPTIAN ROYALTY!

THE DUTCH TELL OF THEIR 'DRACULA' TWO HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE BRAM STOKER CAME UP WITH HIS! THEY CALLED HIM VOLMAR!



HE WAS AN UGLY BEAKED-FANGLED MAN-THING... PREYING EXCLUSIVELY ON THE AGED...

**OUR COVER**

Deep in the haunted waters of Loch Eerie, VAMPIRELLA is confronted by an ages-old monstrosity that feeds only on human flesh! It is "The Undead of the Deep!" Page 7.

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FLAXMAN LOEW
DOUG MOENCH

VAMPIRELLA

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**ISSUE NO. 29
NOVEMBER 1973**

VAMPI'S SCARLET LETTERS

"You claim to be escape literature," cries reader Sue Foliart, "yet you fill your pages with hatred!" More jabs from other readers.

VAMPI'S VAULT Profiling cover artist great *Sanjulian*, plus Fanzine Reviews, and for those of you who clamored for it, a preview of *three new Warren series*.

THE UNDEAD OF THE DEEP

Alistair MacDaemon is *dead*, yet now his corpse is *stolen* away to a watery grave. VAMPIRELLA *alone* has the power to bring *it* back.

THE EVIL EYE She was *beautiful!* *Live-*
ly, seductive! And the ugly townswomen *hated*
her. Feared her. But they were bigots! They
labeled her a witch, and set out to destroy her!

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN It was
dark! Cold! He couldn't recall *who* he was.
Where he was. But he recalled the *accident,*
the crash! And he recalled that he was *DEAD!*

LAST LUNCH FOR RATS First
his pet *rats* were *killed!* Then Harold himself
was *drowned*. That was *twenty years ago*. Now,
Harold's back... a rotting, *avenging corpse*.

THE VAMPIRES ARE COMING
Bloody battlefields never affected the brave,
unshakeable drummer boy. Now he screams at
night, afraid of the man he saw drink *blood*.

VAMPI AT THE COMIC-CON

Blood drips from the hotel walls, and the vampires are on stage! Don't worry! It's just the 1973 Annual Comic Art Costume Parade.



Watch out, I'm contagious! I just spread Vampi-fever among 250 people or so! How? My VAMPIRELLA T-shirt just arrived and I wore it to work! (My job is in the shipping department of a leading bra-and-girdle company, and in the summer the heat becomes unbearable. T-shirts are the only thing to wear!)

Anyhow, hundreds of people who work there who've never read anything other than say, FIELD AND STREAM and PHOTOPLAY, saw VAMPI for the first time. What happened was most interesting: People stopped me in the halls to get a good look at our girl from Drakulon, and several of the bosses ran imaginary errands just to get a good look at the shirt! And guess what! Most people were able to pronounce your name correctly.

But the biggest joke happened several days after I wore the shirt. At break time I noticed one of the girls I worked with was having a cherry soda. I said, "Drinking blood?" And she said, "Yes, I'm VAMPIRELLA!" Needless to say it broke everyone up for some time.

Also, you're right! The VAMPIRELLA T-shirt doesn't fade when washed!

RON SAPP
Dover, Delaware

What about that Vampi look-alike contest?

Hi, beautiful! I'm just writing to tell you that I think VAMPIRELLA #25 was one of your best issues yet! I especially enjoyed "What Price Love." But VAMPIRELLA a murderer at the end? I sure hope not!

Hey! What about that VAMPIRELLA look-alike contest? When are you going to have it? It seems like I've been waiting forever. And please put a picture of the winner in your magazine.

I think VAMPI is the most beautiful person or thing anywhere. And I was wondering if you could hitch me up with someone my age that looks like you! I'm 14 years old.

CHRIS McCART
Port Charlotte, Florida

Attention all my 14-year-old look-alikes! You are ordered to report to the front door of Chris McCart's house in Port Charlotte immediately. He'll be expecting you.

The artwork in "Welcome to the Witches' Coven" in VAMPIRELLA #27 was wonderfully chilling and sinister. To me, the use of shades of black and white make stories of the sinister and weird much more effective than color. My compliments to Luis Garcia.

Ignore The Gremlin's complaints; we read VAMPIRELLA to leave the common, plain, often ugly world behind.

RUSSELL L. POTTER
Washington, D.C.

Just a few lines to let you know that Jeff Kilian isn't the only person in Wichita who reads your magazine! The name, for your records, is Steven John.

Onto comments, I believe Enrich is the best cover artist that VAMPIRELLA has had in a long time, but why "Nimrod" on the cover? For that matter, why "Nimrod?" Haven't we been inundated enough with the sword and sorcery type of heroes? Please leave the horror mags to what they were made for: Illustrated horror.

STEVEN JOHN
Wichita, Kansas

I want you to know issue #26 of VAMPIRELLA was great. You are really showing improvement! (Ha! Ha! Just kidding!) You've always been great!

Your first story, "Demons in the Fog," was outstanding. It was a little sad, though. You really shouldn't downgrade poor Pendragon that way. "Moonspawn" was also great. Esteban Maroto sure knows his stuff!

"Fringe Benefits" topped them all though. Jose Bea is a fine realistic artist. And his work in color is superb.

CAROLE MORRISON
Norfolk, Virginia

The cover to VAMPI #26 was a good idea, but kindly stick to one by a single artist after this. "Death and Dr. Morbius" was a good filler, due to excellent Auraleon art. Please keep these two-page stories a regular feature.

VAMPIRELLA, though! Your story was poorly done. Your saga has been going downhill since T. Casey Brennan and Steve Englehart left. The art was not to my tastes, and Escolano did little to help the small impact of the story. "Moonspawn" was excellent. The story was a fine job by Douglas Moench, and the art, the issue's best, was Esteban Maroto's standard!

"Fringe Benefits" was good all around, the color helping tremendously. However, I do think the color could be a little less vibrant.

Your last couple of stories were both excellent. "Demon Child" was one of the finest efforts I've ever seen, with above average art by Ramon Torrents. And "Blood Brothers" had fascinating art by Munes. It seemed like a combination of Jose Bea and Luis Garcia. Let's have more Munes.

A great issue throughout.

JIM BIEDLER
Leesport, Pennsylvania

Boy, did you guys (and gals) at Warren mess up VAMPIRELLA #26! On the contents page you said "Demons in the Fog" was on page 6 when it was on page 7. The contents said "Moonspawn" was on page 7 (what? VAMPI's story only 1 page long?), yet I found it on page 19. "Fringe Benefits" was on 31, not 19; "Demon Child" was on 39, not 31; "Blood Brothers" was on 48 instead of 39; and "Vampi's Vault" was way over on page 48 instead of page 6.

And lastly, Paul Neary didn't even have a Frankenstein story in EERIE #48!

ERIC SCHULZ
Racine, Wisconsin

Whew! Looks like little Igor, our resident production man, blew it, Eric. And here we thought an experienced headstone cutter could do better than that. You're on the list, Igor, of people I look up when I run out of blood substitute!

Bill DuBay's cover on VAMPIRELLA #26 was superb. "Death and Dr. Morbius" started out good, but those last two panels ruined it. Len Wein's VAMPI saga this round just wasn't up to par. I'm afraid, although I did like the splash page. James Crawford's and Ramon Torrents' "Demon Child" was by far the best story of the issue, bar none. Please keep Torrents, he's your best artist other than Reed Crandall. The wolf pictured on page 22 was realistic enough to jump out of the page!

MIKE KAROL
Taunton, Massachusetts

You guys are terrific! I just fell in love with your inside cover illustration of vampires! Your ad for the DRACULA mag. Only thing that would have made it more impressive is a color photo of none other than the great Christopher Lee... fanged, caped, and all. I've seen all those other mags, also entitled "DRACULA," but they can't fool me. I know the fantastic Warren work anywhere!

The color section of VAMPIRELLA is also great. I thought you would raise your price, but you didn't! FAN-tastic! As far as The Gremlin goes, I'm sure she wrote the wrong publishers.

TINA CLOVE
Chicago, Illinois

Future issues will contain that same color you enjoy, Tina. And how did you like Enrich's version of Count Lee on the cover of EERIE #50?



Readers felt Doug Moench and Jose Bea had a firm grasp of master storytelling when they spun "Fringe Benefits," the color story from Vampi #26. Or was it a deathgrip?

You're really on your way!

This is my first commentary on VAMPIRELLA magazine, and it won't be my last. All of my commentaries will deal with one issue in particular. This first one concerns VAMPIRELLA #25.

"What Price Love," the VAMPIRELLA story by Bill DuBay and Jose Gonzalez, is one of your best. Patrick's death was saddening, and it was handled splendidly. But I find one fault: On page 10, it is stated that this is the first time VAMPIRELLA has ever killed. By that I assume you mean humans. I may be mistaken, but I seem to remember another man she killed, back in VAMPIRELLA #12.

"The Haunted Child." I am surprised you included a story of such low calibre in your magazine. How did Bill know the little girl was Crystal? Why did Dr. Chalk put Bill in a strait-jacket? He could be sued! And on page 27, how did Bill, who is of course blind, see the blood on Crystal's knife? There was one bright spot though—the ending.

"Nimrod." Keep up the good work! Your color section is a wonder! Nimrod's respect for life is a beautiful thing to behold.

"Cold Calculations" was OK, as stories go. The ending was superb, but the rest was only so-so.

Which brings me to your last tidbit, "The Dead Howl at Midnight." I will admit it was better than "The Haunted Child," but that's as far as I'll go.

You'll be hearing from me as soon as #26 comes out!

THE JACKAL
Wauchula, Florida

How do you say "stinks" in Drakulonese? I want to make sure you understand every comment I make on VAMPIRELLA #26.

Not seeing "Vampi's Flames" doesn't bother me that much, but Escolano's stuff this time did. The figures were too stiff and you could clearly tell the difference between his work and Jose Gonzalez', my favorite of the two. In plain English, Gonzalez was better off alone.

Now let me comment on your other stories. "Moonspawn" had good art but the writing wasn't done as well. "Fringe Benefits" was surprisingly excellent, and "Demon Child" was bad from beginning to end. And I didn't bother to read "Blood Brothers." I was scared it might be like the others!

PATRICIA ABBINANTI
Jackson Heights, Florida 11370

You have followed the crowd by making your main characters, especially the women, conform to the present-day American standards of beauty. This gets very tiresome. Sam Milligan excused this by saying that "beauty" is far more inspiring than "plainness," and that human-beings are beautiful. But what he really seems to be saying is that PLAYBOY-type figures are more inspiring than fat, thin, or unusual ones. That these human-beings who have PLAYBOY bunny (or Charles Atlas) figures are beautiful and forget the others.

You claim to be escape literature. Yet your pages are full of violence, terror, hate, sorrow and strife...not to mention the stereotypes I spoke of before. Ever stop to think that those are the sort of things we're trying to escape from??

Any old crime or mystery magazine can crank out tales of violence and cruelty. Artists like Ramon Torrents should use their talents and imagination in depicting the wonder and strangeness and mystery of the natural and super-natural world.

You guys can do very fine work; don't waste all that beauty on ugliness!

SUE FOLIART
Dillingham, Arkansas

First of all, I think your own story, "Demons in the Fog," was top-flight, as it always is.

Second of all, I thought "Moonspawn" had the worst beginning to a werewolf yarn than any I've ever seen. It occurs to me that if that much radiation was ever released on anything it would kill it almost certainly.

"Fringe Benefits" and "The Demon Child" were both drawn well (especially the Doug Moench/Jose Bea color collaboration), and both were excellently written.

"Blood Brothers" was basically a good story with very good artwork by Munes, even though it was never clearly stated who they were planning to upset against, or when the story was taking place.

All in all a very good VAMPIRELLA this time. Keep up the far-out color work.

JOHN BRUNO
Trumbull, Connecticut

Sorry, John! No color this time! We wanted to see what reader reaction would be without it for an issue. But we've got a color story next issue that'll make a rainbow look pale by comparison.



Many readers noted the difference between Gonzalez (left) and Escolano's (right) art. Many dug "Demons in the Fog" in Vampi #26. Still others are true only unto Gonzalez.

Hail the team of Bill DuBay and Jose Gonzalez! May they live and work together on the VAMPIRELLA sagas forever!

DuBay's script for "What Price Love" (VAMPI #25) is the greatest! I've never read anything as great as that in a horror mag. And I've read quite a few.

And Gonzalez, your artwork for that story is superb! VAMPI's facial expressions were filled with such human emotion that I couldn't help but to feel sorry for her, even though I'm certain she will overcome her lust in the end.

Combined, the efforts of DuBay and Gonzalez wrenched rare emotion from me, and I know a lot of others feel the same way.

JOHN WHITE
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I've just read VAMPIRELLA #26 and as a whole it was pretty good. The VAMPIRELLA strip never fails to be interesting in both art and story and this issue's "Demons in the Fog" was no exception. Len Wein and Jose Gonzalez do such a great job in getting a story across.

RICHARD MAYHEW
Cumberland, Maryland

I think your magazine is the greatest. I plan on buying a VAMPIRELLA poster as soon as I can.

When are you going to put out VAMPIRELLA rings?

RICHARD L. SMITH
Alexander, Arkansas

Vampirella rings? Don't you mean wings, Richard?

VAMPI'S SICK!

Seems not enough of you are writing her and she's been in the dumps all week. Help an ailing vam-piress today—WRITE!

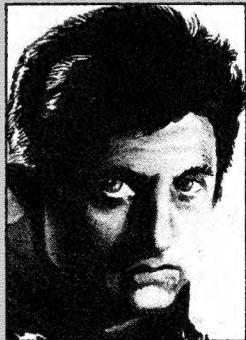


VAMPIRELLA

FIRST TESTAMENT OF A MASTER ARTIST:

SANJULIAN

A WILL WITH A FAR BETTER WAY!



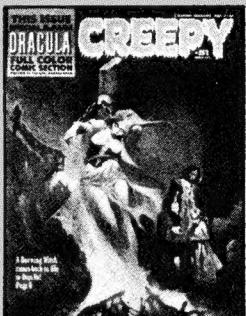
In 1961, he left his job with Fox and entered the Superior School of Art in San Jorge, Spain. There he learned the importance of color, natural design, and most important, anatomy, his favorite subject. Anywhere in Spain you'll find works represented at one of the many collector's exhibits.

He continues studying his craft in earnest, and is continually improving his awesome style.

Today, Sanjulian paints paperback book covers for Dell, Avon, Signet, and many others on a continual basis.

His first work for the Warren magazines graced the cover of VAMPIRELLA #12. He's done almost twenty-five covers for CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA since that time, becoming the first and foremost Warren cover artist today!

A former Merchant Marine, holding a bachelor's degree in art, Sanjulian's favorite pastime is movies, but he also collects anything on art. His favorite artist is Hal Foster, legendary creator of the Prince Valiant Sunday comic strip.



Twin examples of Sanjulian's master touch.

PREVIEW: 3 NEW WARREN SERIES

All right, you win! Ever since we started our new rotating series, we've been swamped with requests/demands to see a preview of some of our upcoming features. So here you are, three of them, coming soon in the pages of EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. Watch for them!

CHILD

His father created him from bits and pieces of animal skin, vowing to the heavens that he would have a son. And one stormy night it happened. The child-thing arose and took life! Writer Greg Potter pulls off a fantastic new twist on the Dr. Frankenstein scheme, with art by Jim Stenstrum. (Wha?? Thought he was a writer?)

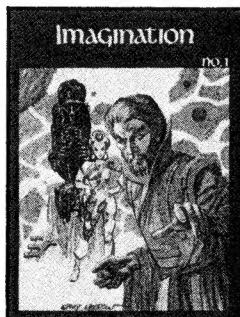
PANTHA

She's black, she's beautiful, she's deadly. She's like nothing else you've ever seen. Stalking the streets of New York during the turn of the century, the panther-woman must kill nightly, or die by the curse that created her. Script by old-pro Steve Skeates, aided by the eeriest artist around, Auraleon.

FREAKS

Just before the depression these people lived, a group of freaks desperately searching for survival. Maligned by society, hunted by humanity, the Freaks have stopped running. Now, they attack! Bill Dubay returns to the drawing board after an all too long absence... with scripting by Warren super-star, Doug Moench.

FANZINE REVIEWS



IMAGINATION
138-06 78 Road
Flushing, NY 11367
\$1.50



FRIGHT & FANTASY
315 Rushton Rd.
Toronto, 10, Ontario
60¢



WONDERWORLD
P.O. Box 16168
Long Beach, CA 90806
75¢

Imagination is true to its title in many respects. The magazine sports a front color cover by Warren alumnus Gray Morrow, plus interiors by Jeff Jones and Neal Adams. The formula is basically potpourri, consisting of highly entertaining odds and ends (such as an unpublished daily strip by Neal Adams) and a fine 3-page piece on wizardry by Mike Kaluta. Berni Wrightson fans will have a ball with his "Conjure Woman" contribution, about a witch with the right ingredients. **Imagination** it's full of, and all in all its visions are admirable. **Imagination** is a one-shot venture, likely to be selling fast, so if you have the coin, get onto this one.

Film buffs are very strange people. They enjoy doing very strange things. Like publishing filmzines. The quality of this genre of amateur publication is varied, as are all amateur projects. **Fright & Fantasy**, happily, is more than just a half-hearted effort. The book is filled with pictures and illustrations throughout its 36 pages, and the articles are both written and researched with an obvious love for film art. The lengthy article on the Hammer **Dracula** and **Frankenstein** series is in no small way entertaining, with authoritative analysis and breakdowns. **F&F** is not without its blatant flaws, but for 60¢, live a little!

There are three or four magazines of this sort, dealing with indepth articles on the creators and the products of the graphic story field. **Wonderworld**, formerly **Graphic Story World**, is in front of the lot. Going beyond the usual specialized articles which cater to be-spangled super-heroes and sadistic barbarians, **Wonderworld** reaches into the lives and creations of the new innovators as well as keeping tabs on the old guard. All aspects of the graphic story field are here at your ready fingertips: issue #9 containing a biographical sketch of artist-writer-innovator, **Richard Corben** just for starters. Urgently recommended. You won't find better.

A GREAT **WIND** RUFFLES THE SURFACE OF THE LOCH, BUILDING INTO A CRESCENDO OF **SOUND AND FURY!**

IT IS AS IF THE OLD NORSE GODS OF **ULTIMA THULE** ARE LAUGHING IN **VALHALLA**...LAUGHING AT THE FRUSTRATION OF MERE MEN, WHO SOUGHT TO ENTOMB THE WILD SPIRIT OF THE SIXTEENTH AND LAST LAIRD OF **MACDAEMON**...
ALASTAIR MACDAEMON, THE MACDAEMON WHO **DIED** AT THE HANDS OF A TWO-HUNDRED YEAR-OLD **MONSTROSITY!**

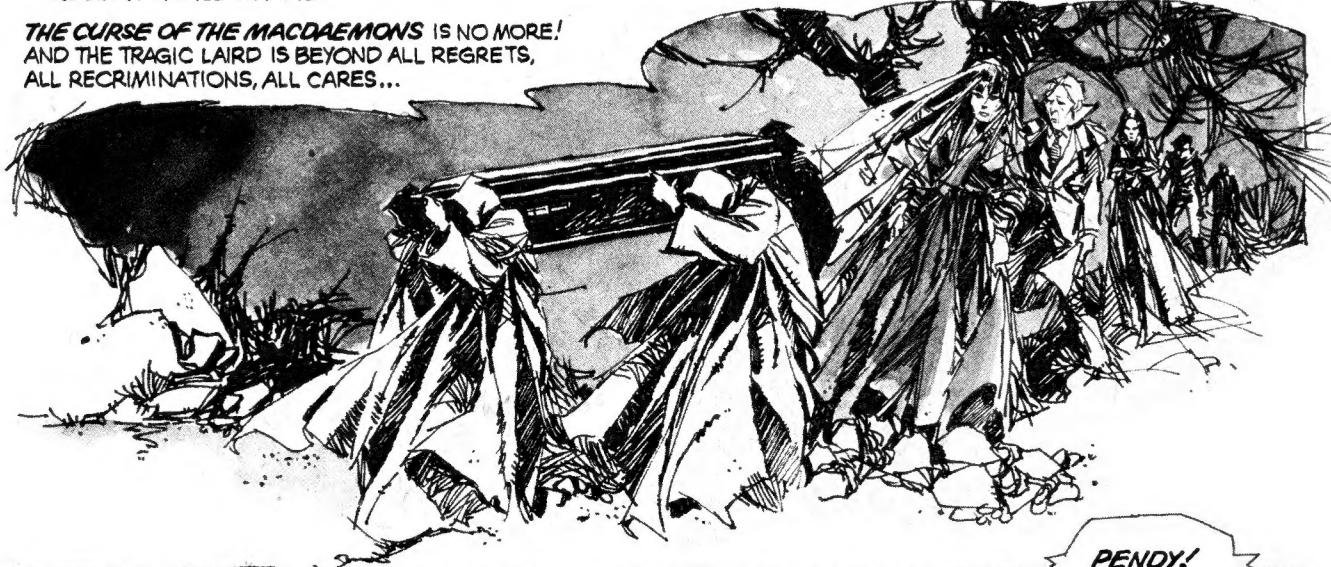
VAMPIRELLA AND THE UNDEAD OF THE DEEP!



THE LAST LAIRD OF MACDAEMONS IS TO BE LAID TO REST, AND A THOUSAND YEARS OF TRADITION HAS BEEN SNUFFED-OUT LIKE A CANDLE FLAME... THAT MUCH IS WHAT THE WORLD KNOWS.

WHAT THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW IS THAT A HEADLESS CORPSE LIES WITHIN THE RICHLY-FURNISHED COFFIN... THE HEAD WRENCHED OFF AND PARTLY DEVOURIED BY THE SHE-MONSTER THAT ONCE INHABITED THE SECRET, LOCKED ROOM IN CASTLE GRAYVE.

THE CURSE OF THE MACDAEMONS IS NO MORE! AND THE TRAGIC LAIRD IS BEYOND ALL REGRETS, ALL RECRIMINATIONS, ALL CARES...



PENDRAGON SHIVERS, GLANCES SIDELONG AT HIS BEAUTIFUL COMPANION, AND TAKES A LONG PULL AT HIS HIP-FLASK.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR THE RAVISHING AND IMPERTURBABLE VAMPI, BUT A MERE MORTAL SUCH AS I NEEDS SPIRITUAL REFRESHMENT AT THESE TIMES!



AND THEN...

PENDY!
LOOK!

GUUUUHHHH...



THE CHILL WATERS OF LOCH EERIE CLOSE ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE PALLBEARERS! BUT THEY JUST KEEP ON WALKING!



AND AS THE CASKET BEARERS **SUBMERGE**,
THE PHANTOM WIND DIES AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME...

WHAT... WHAT
HAPPENED,
VAMPI?

I SENSE THE
PRESENCE OF
RECENTLY-DEPARTED
EVIL...

...THE SAME
ELEMENTAL,
LIFE-LOATHING,
COSMICALLY-
VILE EVIL THAT
I SENSED WHEN
WE FIRST CAME
HERE!

THEY SLEEP, THAT NIGHT, IN THE INN BY THE LOCH SHORE.

MAY THE **SPIRIT O'BONNIE SCOTLAND** GRANT THIS OLD WRECK A QUIET REST FREE FROM GHOSTIES AND GHOUlies AN' THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT!

WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR ALASTAIR'S CORPSE?... WHAT?

VAMPIRELLA SLEEPS SOUNDLY.
TO HER, IN THE DARK HOURS,
COME **SPECTRES**...

...SPECTRES FROM A THOUSAND YEARS OF CLAN MACDAEMON! FIFTEEN HEREDITARY LAIRDS AND THEIR LADIES. A TEEMING MASS OF MACDAEMON SWORD-BEARERS, CLANSMEN, SHEEP-STEALERS, BORDER-REIVERS, CUT-THROATS! A THOUSAND YEARS OF SCOTLAND'S RACKETTY, RAMSHACKLE, **BLOODY** HISTORY!

VAMPIRELLA SNAPS AWAKE...

DESCEND INTO THE LOCH AND FETCH BACK POOR ALASTAIR'S BODY, SO THAT IT CAN REST IN PEACE AMONG THE CORPSES OF HIS ANCESTORS!
YES! THAT'S THE **LEAST** I CAN DO FOR HIM...

IT DIDN'T LAST LONG... THE THING THAT WAS BETWEEN... BUT WE MADE SWEET MUSIC TOGETHER WHILE IT WAS THERE!

GIVE US THE BODY OF THE LAIRD ALASTAIR... BRING HIM BACK... LET HIM LIE IN CONSECRATED GROUND!



PENDRAGON FLIPS WHEN SHE GIVES HIM THE NEWS NEXT MORNING.

GO DOWN INTO THE LOCH
AND BRING BACK THAT GUY'S
BODY. VAMPI, MY ANGEL,
ARE YOU NUTS? YOU DON'T
HAVE FISH AMONG YOUR
ANCESTRY, I TAKE IT?

NO, PENDY.
BUT WE OF
DRAKULON CAN
EXIST UNDERWATER,
GIVEN CERTAIN
CONDITIONS...

VAMPIRELLA IS NOT MERELY A BEAUTIFUL BODY AND A CLEAR INTELLECT. SHE COMES FROM THE **VAMPIRE** WORLD OF **DRAKULON** AND CAN ONLY LIVE AS A NORMAL WOMAN BY DRINKING **BLOOD SUBSTITUTE SERUM** EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

TO US, WATER
IS A **NEUTRAL ELEMENT**.
IN IT, WE CAN LIVE AND THRIVE
AT SOME COST TO OUR
METABOLISM. I'LL NEED
TO TAKE MY PLASMA EVERY
SIX HOURS! IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO **DISTURB**
MY METABOLISM, IT
COULD MEAN SERIOUS
TROUBLE, BUT I REALLY
WOULDN'T WORRY
ABOUT IT...

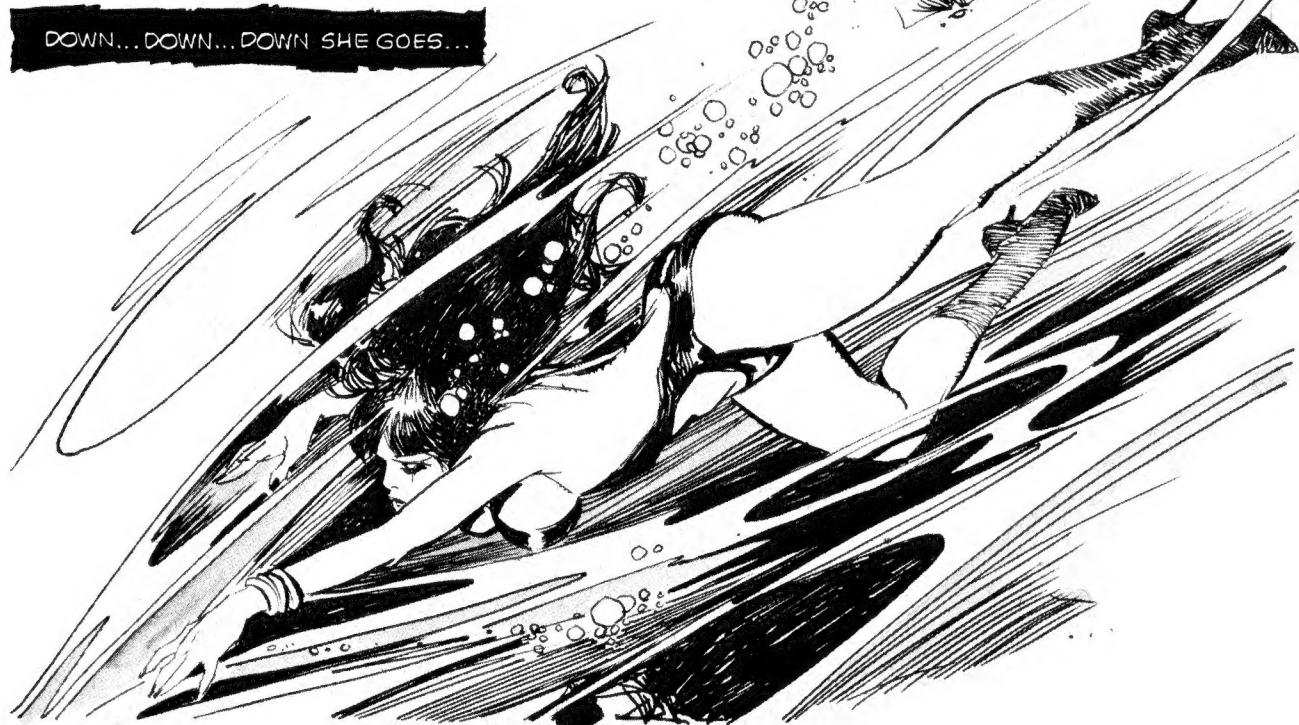
...NOT
DOWN
THERE!

GOOD-BYE, PENDY DEAR. KEEP
YOUR FINGERS CROSSED FOR
ME!

GUH! COME BACK
SOON, VAMPI, MY
ANGEL. I SHALL DIE
EVERY HOUR THAT
YOU'RE AWAY.

THE GORGEOUS VAMPIRESS POSES FOR A
BREATHLESS INSTANT... AND THEN DIVES INTO
LOCH EERIE.

DOWN... DOWN... DOWN SHE GOES...



THE DEPTHS OF THE GREAT SEA-LOCH HAVE NEVER BEEN PLUMBED BY THE DEVICES OF MAN. ANCIENT WRECKS LITTER ITS BED... FORGOTTEN CRYPTS OF LOST SEAMEN'S SOULS...

AS VAMPIRELLA DRAWS CLOSE, SHE SEES THAT FIGURES STALK THE WEED-TANGLED DECKS! LIVING FIGURES WITH DEAD, LACK-LUSTRE EYES.



STRANGE SOUNDS OF REVELRY REACH HER EARS. AND SHE TURNS...



WHERE THE LOCH JOINS WITH THE GREAT OCEAN, LIES A ONCE-PROUD LINER WHOSE TRAGIC END MADE WORLD NEWS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. NOW, LIGHTS BLAZE FROM HER THOUSAND Portholes, AND THE MUSIC OF RAGTIME ISSUES FROM THE VAST HOLE IN HER HULL.



AND LIVING BEINGS DANCE TO THAT MUSIC!



THE LIGHTS OF THE CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS SPARKLE FROM A MILLION SEQUINS. THE VAST BALLROOM ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES TO THE BEAT OF THE BAND. EVERYONE IS DANCING. IT IS RAGTIME... BUT DETACHED... UNEARTHLY... UTTERLY JOYLESS.



SHE SEES ALASTAIR MACDAEMON, STILL WEARING THE HIGHLAND DRESS IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN LAID TO REST IN HIS COFFIN.



THE LAST LAIRD OF THE MACDAEMONS IS A WHOLE MAN AGAIN, WITH A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS. ONLY THE EYES ARE DEAD. THE STARING, UNSEEING EYES!



THE ANSWER COMES ACROSS THE CROWDED BALL-
ROOM... AS THE GIRL FROM DRAKULON SEES A
FAMILIAR HEART-STOPPING FIGURE.

IT IS AS IF A MILLION YEARS OF EMPTINESS FALL FROM
THE MIND AND SPIRIT OF VAMPIRELLA. STARS SHIFT THEIR
COURSES. MOONS WITHER AND DIE. AND, DOWN THROUGH
AN IMMEASURABLE ETERNITY, A SMALL BIRD SINGS A LOVE
SONG.

TRISTAN!

VAMPIRELLA...
MY OWN
BELOVED!

THEY HAD PARTED, WITH UNSPEAKABLE MISUNDERSTANDING,
ON THE SURFACE OF **DRAKULON**, THE DYING PLANET OF
BLOOD. THEY HAD BEEN LOVERS... TILL FRAILTY OF SPIRIT
HAD TORN THEM APART.

I DREAMED... I
HOPED... NOT A DAY
HAS PAST BUT I
WHISPERED YOUR
NAME.

THE THINGS
I SAID... THE
TERRIBLE VOWS
I MADE... WILL
YOU EVER
FORGIVE ME, MY
VAMPIRELLA?

THEIR LIPS MEET IN A KISS OF **PURE PASSION**... AND
THE UNDEAD DANCERS CIRCLE THEM, UNSEEING
AND UNCARING.

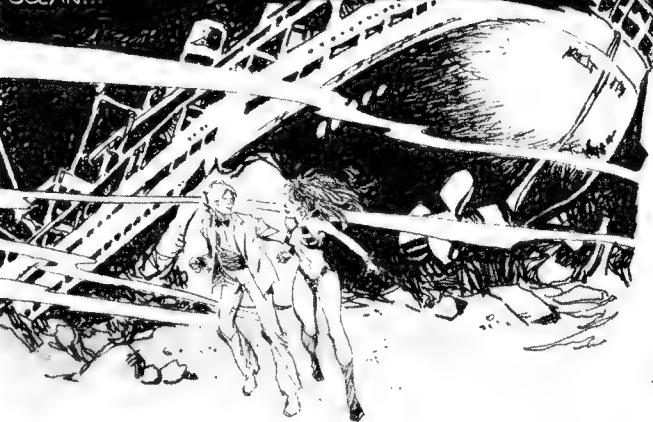
STRANGELY, THE MUSIC CHANGES. THE THROBBING
VIOLINS PICK UP THE MELODY OF A **HAUNTING**
WALTZ IN A MINOR KEY.

SHALL WE
DANCE?

DIVINE!

OUT OF THE GREAT Gaping Hole in the Hull of the Liner, and into the Uncharted Bed of the Wide Ocean...

Wandering, Hand-in-Hand, through the **WONDERLAND** of the Submarine Forests...



LOST, IN AN ETERNITY
OF IDYLIC LOVE...





FINALLY THE GLUTINOUS MASS OF STINKING EVIL HARDENS INTO THE NIGHTMARE SHAPE OF THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH!

IT IS NOW THAT VAMPIRELLA KNOWS THE TRUTH OF IT. SHE, WHO HAS DESTROYED THE MONSTER'S GHASTLY OFFSPRING, IS NOW HERSELF ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED. THE TERROR OF LOCH EERIE HAS POWERS BEYOND IMAGINING. IT IS, PERHAPS, A LESSER DEMON OF THE MAD, BANISHED GOD CHAOS, DRAWING ITS POWER FROM THAT BOUNDLESS SOURCE.

BY SEEKING OUT AND FINDING HER ONE WEAKNESS AND CHANGING INTO THE IMAGE OF HER LOST LOVER, IT HAS LURED HER INTO DESTROYING HER LIFE-GIVING SERUM!

VAMPIRELLA RUNS! THOUGH SHE KNOWS THAT, FOR HER, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE!



HER SENSES REEL, SUSPENDED FOR AN ECSTATIC WHILE BY THE DELIRIUM OF PURE PASSION, HER METABOLISM IS NOW DOOMING HER!



I CAN NEVER REACH THE SURFACE!
I'M DYING!... I SHALL DIE DOWN HERE!

THAT'S ITS REVENGE! WHEN LIFE HAS LEFT ME, IT WILL MAKE ME ONE OF THE UNDEAD!



THE MAD MUSIC OF RAGTIME DINNS IN HER EARS. SHE SEES THE UNDEAD SHUFFLING IN THEIR ETERNAL, JOYLESS DANCE.

I SHALL BECOME ONE OF THEM... LIKE POOR ALASTAIR... ALIVE YET NOT ALIVE... PERHAPS WITH THE CAPACITY, STILL, FOR SUFFERING... A PLAYTHING OF EVIL!

W-WHAT'S THIS?

I FEEL THE BLOOD-LUST RISING IN ME! AND I SEE MY WAY TO FREEDOM!

DEAD OR UNDEAD, ALASTAIR'S VEINS RUN WITH RICH, RED BLOOD! I SMELL IT!

NOW BEGINS THE BLOOD-FEAST OF A LIFETIME!

ALASTAIR MACDAEMON IS FIRST... HIS BODY SWIFTLY DRAINED, THE UNDEAD BECOMES...

...DEAD, ONCE AGAIN!

THE SEEMINGLY-INSATIABLE **BAT** GORGES ITSELF UPON THE DANCERS OF THE DEEP... ONE BY ONE...



AND, WHEN IT IS ALL OVER...



...A GREAT CALM FALLS UPON THE BALLROOM OF THE SUNKEN LEVIATHAN.



VAMPIRELLA RISES UP, THROUGH THE WATER OF THE LOCH, UP THROUGH THE SEA WRACK, TOWARDS THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT AND THE AIR... BEARING THE BODY AND HEAD OF THE LAST OF THE MACDAEMON LAIRDS, TO LAY WITH HIS ANCESTORS.



YET FATHOMS BELOW, THERE WITH THE CORPSES OF MEN, WOMEN, AND A ROTTING SHIP, SHE HAS LEFT BEHIND A STOLEN, IRRECOVERABLE PART OF HERSELF!

THAT PART THAT ONCE BELONGED TO TRISTAN!

THE ELEVE

GREETINGS, AND WELCOME TO MY COMFY LITTLE DOOM TOMB! STRETCH OUT ON A NICE COOL MARBLE SLAB AND LEAN AN EAR TO THIS GRIZZLY TIDBIT ABOUT A ROTTER IN JOLLY OLD LONDON AND THE CURSE OF A WITCH NAMED VARNAL, WHO, TEN GENERATIONS AGO, WAS CONDEMNED TO BE BARBECUED FOR GIVING HER NEIGHBORS...

LAR', YOU SILLY...ONE GIRL...TWO, MAYBE, BUT FIVE?!

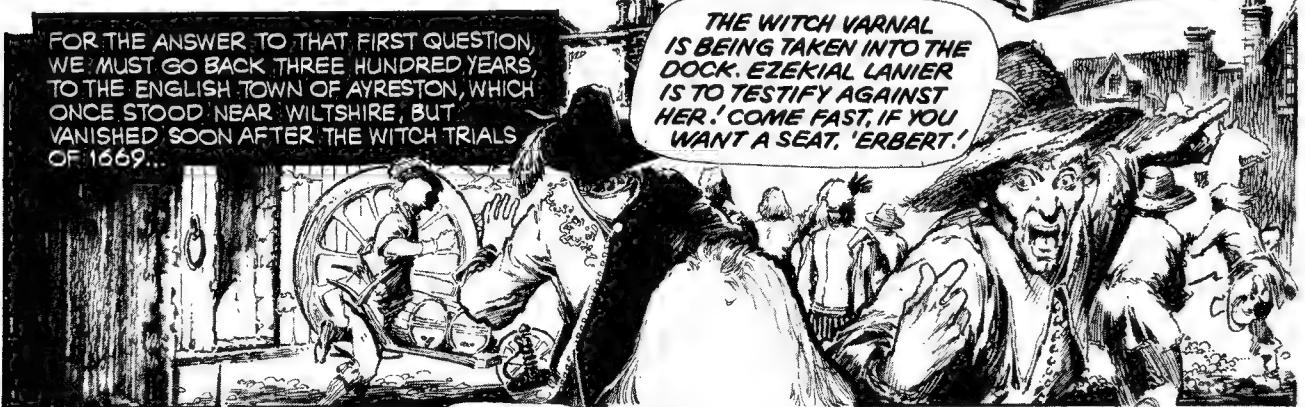
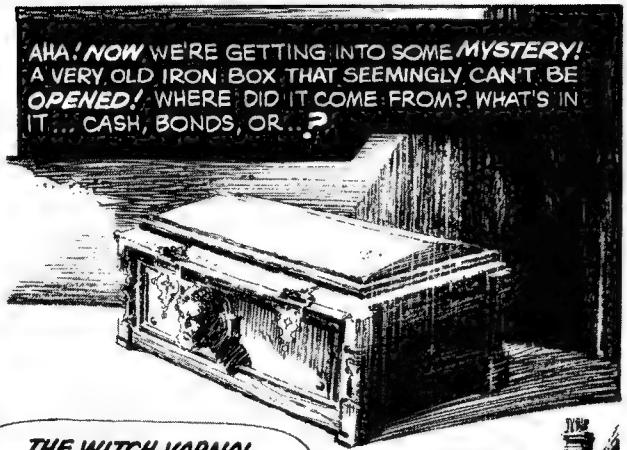
YEAH, FIVE! I'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY IN THE BLOODY... 'IC... HOUSE!

FLY ME! I'M OLIVIA. FLY ME TO THE MOON!

BLARST! HIT'S A RAID, ROSIE!

YOU'VE AD IT, MADAM ROSIE. YOU'RE BEING CLOSED FOR GOOD THIS TIME!





SWORN IN, EZEKIAL LANIER
PROCEEDED TO BEAR FALSE
WITNESS AGAINST THE
ACCUSED...

TELL THE COURT
WHAT YOU SAW
LAST FRIDAY NIGHT,
MR. LANIER!

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, MRS.
VARNAL!

WHAT SAY YOU IN
YOUR OWN DEFENSE?

I SAW HER
STARE AT OLD
EDWARD CARVER
WITH THAT EVIL EYE
OF HERS...THEN ED
DROPPED WHERE
HE STOOD!

LIAR!

YOU MURDERED
ED CARVER AND OTHERS,
LANIER. YOU PUT
EVIDENCE NEAR THEM
TO POINT THE FINGER
OF GUILT AT ME!

MRS. VARNAL WAS A SELF-
CONFESSED WITCH...BUT NEVER
BEFORE HAS A WITNESS CLAIMED
TO HAVE SEEN HER PRACTICING
THE BLACK ART...

I'VE MANY CASES
ON THE DOCKET. THE
JURY HAVE HEARD
ACCUSER AND
ACCUSED. WHAT IS
YOUR VERDICT?

WITCH EMILY
VARNAL, I CONDEMN
YOU TO DEATH BY FIRE,
AT THE STAKE!

YOU'LL BURN
IN HELL FOR WHAT
YOU'VE DONE HERE
TODAY!

WE FIND THE WITCH
VARNAL... GUILTY
AS ACCUSED!

YOU
MURDERED
THOSE PEOPLE,
LANIER... YOU
ROBBED THEIR
DEAD BODIES!

AND YOU'LL
BURN IN THE
SQUARE TODAY,
WITCH VARNAL!

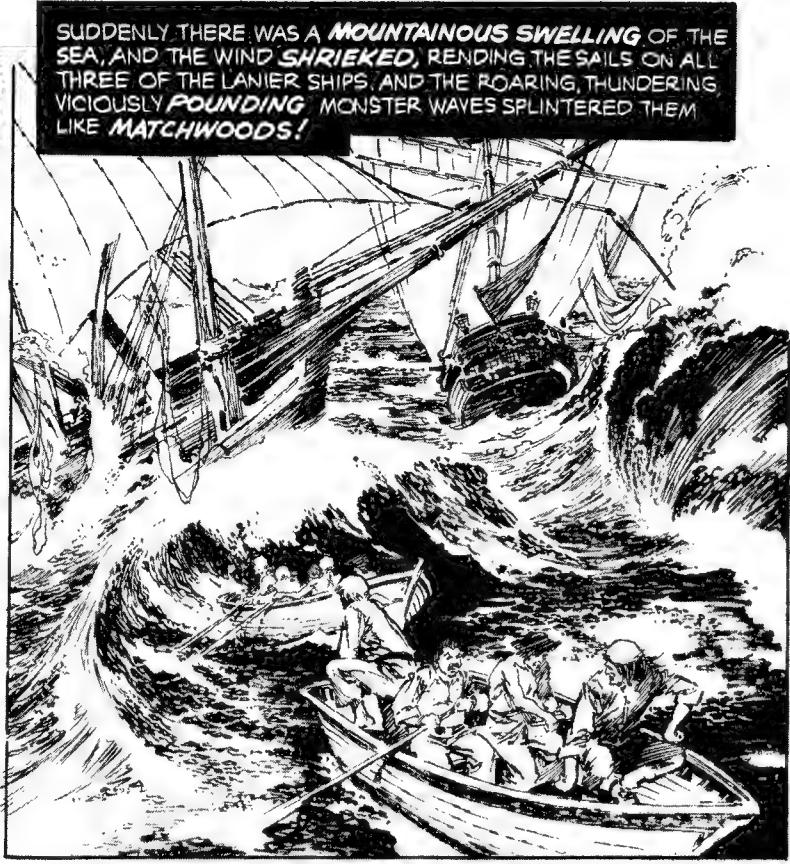
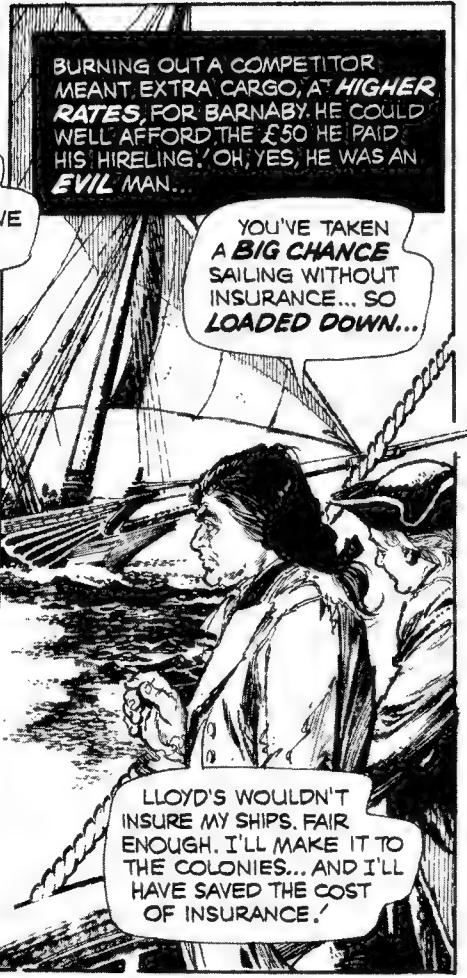
I'M SURE NO ONE
WILL MIND IF I TAKE THIS
BOX AS A MEMENTO OF
THE TRIAL!

VARNAL
WON'T BE HERE
LONG ENOUGH TO
PROTEST!

I KNEW HE'D
TAKE THE BAIT... I
JUST KNEW IT!











SUDDENLY THE BOX OPENS, AND
YES, LARRY IS THE **LAST** OF THE
LANIER LINE UNDER WITCH VARNAL'S
CURSE...



SOMETHING IS HAPPENING
TO LARRY THAT DRIVES
STEELY SPIKES OF **TERROR**
INTO CANDICE HADDON'S
MIND AND BODY, THAT
MAKES SOUR BILE RISE
INTO HER THROAT, CHOKING
OFF A SHRIEK OF DISGUST
AND LOATHING...

GONE IS THE FRUSTRATED
NYMPHOMANIAC **GONE** IS THE IRON
BOX THAT HAS POWDERED TO RED
RUST, AND **WITCH VARNAL'S**
EVIL EYE THAT HAS TURNED TO DUST!
THE 300-YEAR-OLD CURSE IS GONE
WITH NOW! AND GONE... OH, GOOD
LORD!... IS WHAT LARRY LANIER
CHERISHED MOST...



IT ENDS! JUST LIKE IT ALWAYS ENDS!
JUST LIKE IT HAS TO END...

THERE'S
NO HOPE
FOR HIM,
DOCTOR!

HE'S
GONE!

MY
GOD!

...AND THEN, LIKE
ALWAYS, I AWAKE!

MY LIPS ARE DRY...
THERE IS A BITTER
TASTE IN MY MOUTH!

LIKE ALWAYS, THE
DREAM HAD BEEN
THE SAME! I DON'T
KNOW HOW MANY
TIMES IT HAS PLAYED
OVER AND OVER
AGAIN IN MY MIND!

BUT THIS TIME
SOMETHING IS
DIFFERENT...
MISSING....!

LIKE ALWAYS, I
RECALL THE DREAM
VIVIDLY!

BUT UNLIKE ALWAYS,
I RECALL NOTHING
OF MYSELF!

WHO AM I?

FOR THAT MATTER,
WHERE AM I?

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
WHY IS IT SO DARK?
...SO COLD...?
...LONELY?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO ME? WHY CAN'T
I RECALL ANYTHING?

THESE PAPERS...
THIS BOOK...
PERHAPS I CAN
LEARN SOME-
THING FROM
THEM!

THEY ARE ABOUT
A DR. FARLEY
FOSTER...



READY TO
EXPAND YOUR
HORIZONS AND
LEARN MYSTIC
SECRETS
THAT HAVE
BAFFLED MEN
FOR AGES?
THEN VENTURE
WITH A YOUNG
MAN WHO IS
ABOUT TO
DISCOVER THE
ONE... TRUE...

STARWAY TO HEAVEN!

DOCTOR FARLEY FOSTER... THAT NAME... YES I
REMEMBER NOW! I AM DR. FARLEY FOSTER!

IT'S ALL COMING
BACK! EVA...
BEAUTIFUL EVA...



THIS BOOK IS
ABOUT ME...

...ME AND
A GIRL...

...EVA!

...HER RICH GOLDEN
HAIR... LUSCIOUS
SEA-GREEN EYES...
WARM THROBBING
BODY...

...LOOKING FOR
LOVE...!

...LOVE THAT
I GAVE HER
WHEN I TOOK
HER FOR MY
WIFE!

BUT IT WAS NO GOOD! WRONG
FROM THE START! I LOVED HER...
WORSHIPPED HER... DID EVERYTHING
SHE ASKED OF ME... AND MORE!

BUT EVA'S BEAUTY WAS NOT
MEANT TO BE HOARDED BY
ONE MAN ALONE!

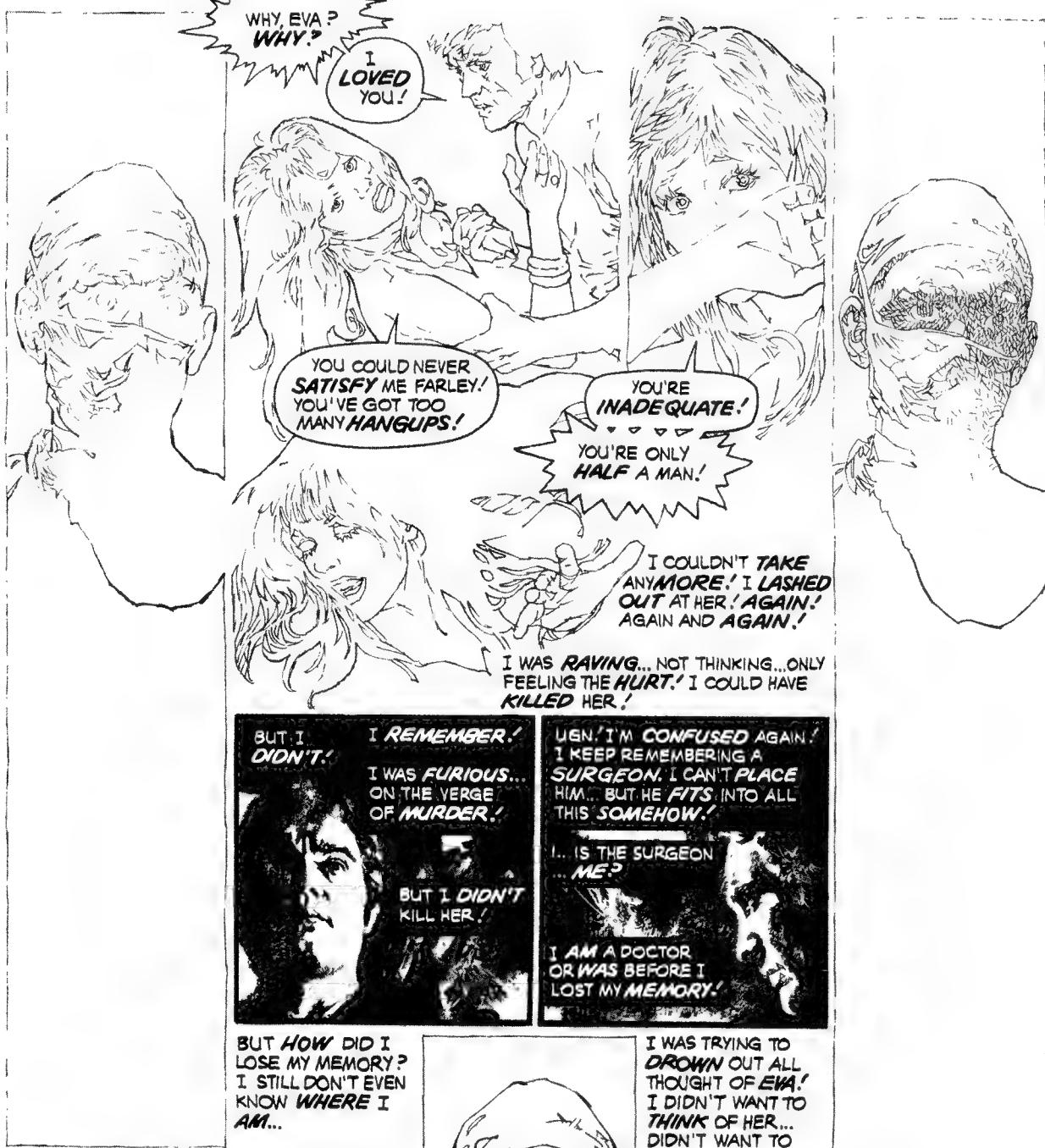
SHE SHARED IT
WITH MANY MEN!

...HOW I FOUND OUT
ABOUT ONE OF HER
AFFAIRS...

...HOW SHE TOLD ME...
TAUNTED ME, ABOUT
THE OTHERS!

THESE DAMNED
MEMORIES... FLOODING
MY MIND! IT WAS BETTER
WHEN I COULDN'T
REMEMBER! BUT I
RECALL IT ALL...





I REMEMBER DRINKING...

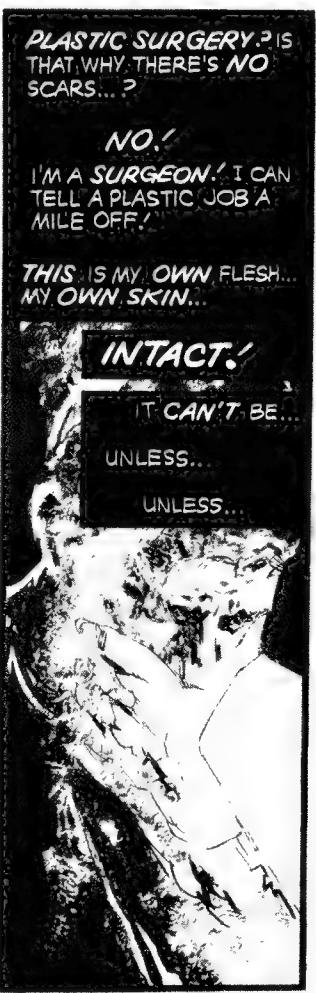
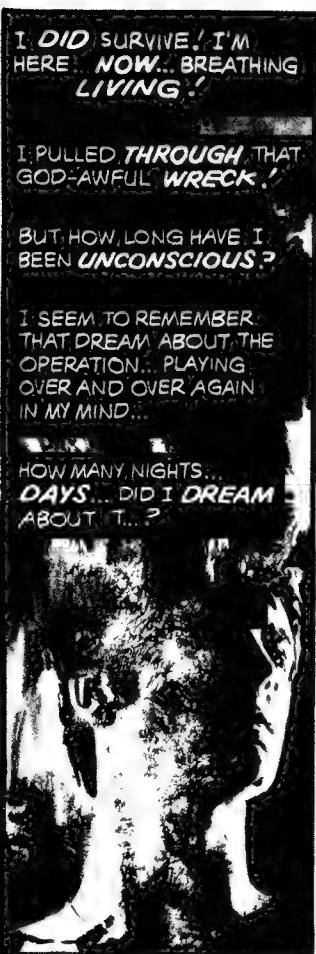
...DRINKING A LOT! MORE THAN I
SHOULD HAVE!

UGN! THE SURGEON
AGAIN! WHY DOES HE
KEEP POPPING INTO
MY MIND...?

I MUST HAVE GOTTEN PRETTY SOUSED!
... ONLY VAGUELY REMEMBER SHAMBLING
OFF...







UNLESS I REALLY AM DEAD!
THIS PLACE... THIS DARK,
MYSTERIOUS **NOTHING**
PLACE... IS THIS WHAT IT IS
LIKE TO BE DEAD.?

WAIT! THE BOOK... THE BOOK
THAT TOLD ME OF EVA... THE
ACCIDENT! I TOUCHED IT! IT
WAS REAL... CONCRETE... SOLID!

GOD! GOD! I'M SO CONFUSED!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO ME! I NEED TO
TALK WITH SOMEONE... ANYONE...
BEFORE MY HEAD EXPLODES!



I HAVE A THOUSAND QUESTIONS!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?
WHERE AM I?
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?



CAN A **BOOK** EXIST IN THE
LAND OF THE **DEAD**? I'M REAL...
SOLID! WHY CAN'T A **BOOK** BE
SOLID, ALSO? OR WAS THE **BOOK**
A FIGMENT OF MY **IMAGINATION**?
A SUBCONSCIOUS **STIMULUS**
TO MAKE ME **REMEMBER**? LIKE
THE PROVERBIAL **BOOK OF THE DEAD**!



CAN THIS BE **HEAVEN**?
IS THIS **HELL**?

...OR IS THIS
WHAT IT IS
LIKE TO BE
MAD?

HEAVEN HELP ME
IF I HAVE LOST
MY **MIND**!

NO! THIS ISN'T
MADNESS!
THIS IS ALL
VERY **REAL**!

I FEEL AS
THOUGH I HAVE
GONE THROUGH
ALL THIS **BEFORE**!

IS THIS **INSTINCT**
TELLING ME...
ALL MEN
ENDURE THIS?

YES... YES I
UNDERSTAND
NOW! THIS IS
AS BASE... AS
NECESSARY...
AS **BIRTH**...

AS COMMON PLACE
AS **LIFE** ITSELF.

THIS IS THE
FINAL
RECKONING!!

I AM **DYING**...
NOT YET **DEAD**...
BUT **DYING**! AND
THIS IS WHERE
I MAKE **PEACE**...

...NOT WITH MY
CREATOR OR
SOME **SUPREME**
BEING...

BUT WITH
MYSelf!

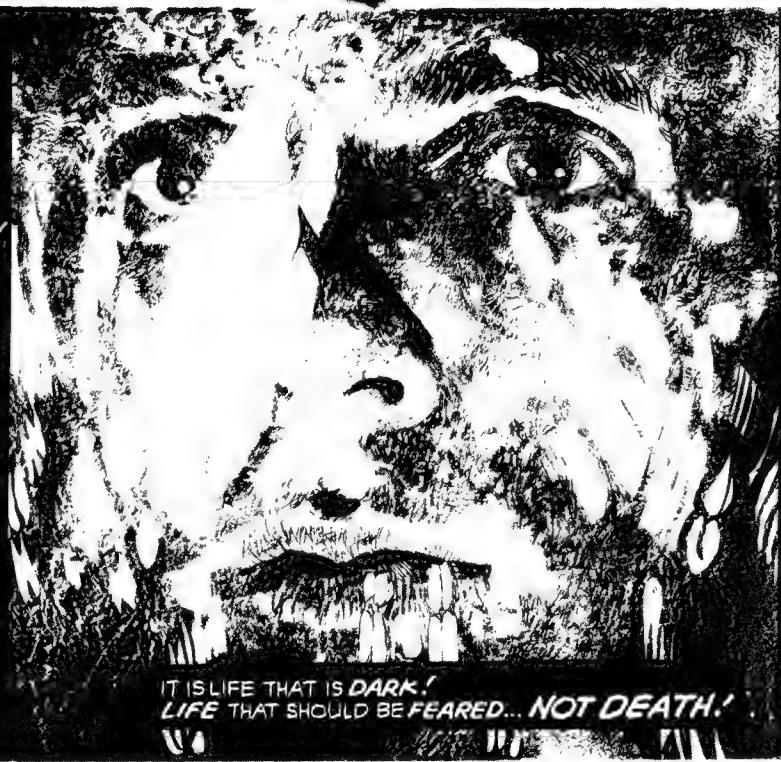
I UNDERSTAND
IT ALL NOW...

THOSE **LIGHTS**..
AHEAD OF ME...
DRAWING NEARER...
NEARER...

IT IS THE **LIGHT**
OF **DEATH**!

DEATH IS NOT DARK
AND MYSTERIOUS, AS
MEN PORTRAY IT... IT
AS **LIGHT**..
BEAUTIFUL...
ETERNAL BLISS!

IT IS LIFE THAT IS **DARK**!
LIFE THAT SHOULD BE FEARED... NOT **DEATH**!



AND THIS DARK, COLD PLACE...
THIS PLACE THAT HAS CONFUSED
ME... FRIGHTENED ME...

THIS IS MY OWN
MIND!



YES! YES,
I DID DO MY
BEST! MY LIFE
HAS BEEN
GOOD!

I HAD MY
HEARTBREAKS...
MY DISAPPOINTMENTS.
MY SHORTCOMINGS...
LIKE THOSE OF
ANY MAN! BUT
LIFE HAS BEEN
GOOD TO ME! I
WILL MISS IT DEARLY!

IT IS HERE... NOW... WHERE I
DECIDE IF MY LIFE HAS BEEN
WORTHWHILE!

DID I CREATE A LIVING HELL FOR
MYSELF... FOR OTHERS IN MY
LIFETIME?

...OR DID I DO
MY SMALL PART
TO MAKE MY LIFE,
AND THE LIVES
OF THOSE I
TOUCHED
WORTHWHILE!



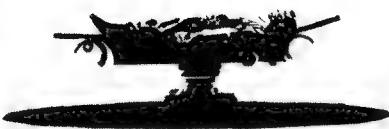
I UNDERSTAND NOW! LIFE IS
ONE BIG TEST! IF YOU PASS
THE TEST... THIS ONE MOMENT
BEFORE DEATH.. THIS FINAL
SELF-RECKONING, WILL BE
EASIER!

IF YOU FAIL THE TEST OF LIFE,
THEN I IMAGINE THIS IS THE
WORST HELL ANYONE COULD
GO THROUGH!



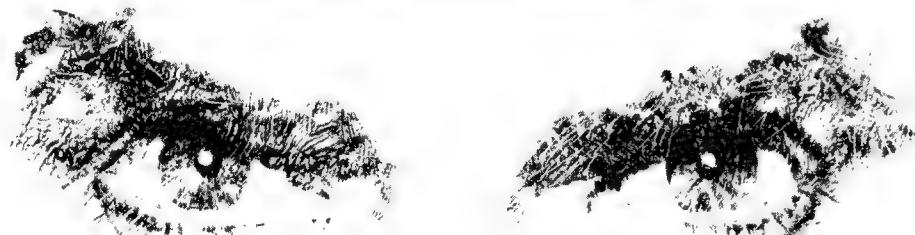
DEATH DRAWS NEAR... AND
I CAN LEAVE MY MIND... AND
RETURN TO WITHIN MY
WHOLE BODY...

...FOR THE
FINAL
TIME!



AH... I AM ON A TABLE
FROM THE FEEL OF IT... AN
OPERATING TABLE!

SO THAT EXPLAINS THE DREAM!



THE DOCTORS... NURSES... OPERATING ROOM!
IT WASN'T A DREAM AT ALL...

...IT IS HAPPENING TO ME NOW!
THEY HAVE BEEN TRYING
TO *SAVE MY LIFE* WHILE ALL THIS
HAS BEEN *HAPPENING TO ME!*



THEY KNOW I AM DYING...
THAT THE WRECK ALMOST
KILLED ME! THEY ALL KNOW
THAT I WILL DIE FROM
THE ACCIDENT...

...BUT THEY *MUST DO THEIR DUTY!*... EVERY THING THEY
CAN TO *SAVE ME!!*



GIVE ME A CLAMP...
HURRY! THE MAN'S
BLEEDING TO
DEATH!



HE'S SLIPPING
OFF, NURSE!
BRING ME THE
HEART RESUSCITATOR.
QUICKLY!



GOD DAMN! WE
CAN'T LOSE HIM
NOW! MASSAGE
THE
HEART!



DON'T
LOSE
HIM...



AH... DEATH!
DEATH...



IF I COULD ONLY
TELL THEM THEIR
EFFORTS ARE IN
VAIN!



THANK YOU, DOCTOR
FOR YOUR EFFORTS!
YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR
ALL!



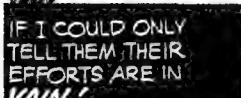
BUT I'VE SEEN THE
BEAUTY OF DEATH...



DON'T
LET
HIM...



IT IS LIKE
BEING BORN
AGAINNN...



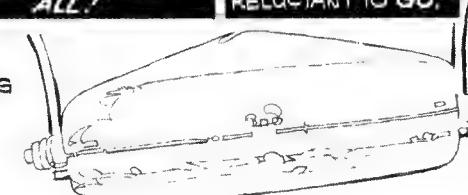
THE LIGHT OF DEATH
IS ALMOST UPON ME!



...AND I AM NOT
RELUCTANT TO GO!



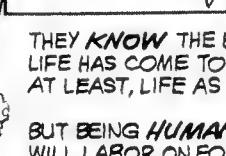
...DIE!!



IN A CRAMPED OPERATING
ROOM... IN A LITTLE
ANYWHERE PLACE,
DEDICATED DOCTORS
AND NURSES LABOR
FEVERISHLY TO SAVE
A HUMAN LIFE!



THEY KNOW THE BATTLE IS *LOST...* ! THAT
LIFE HAS COME TO AN END IN THIS MAN...
AT LEAST, LIFE AS WE KNOW IT!



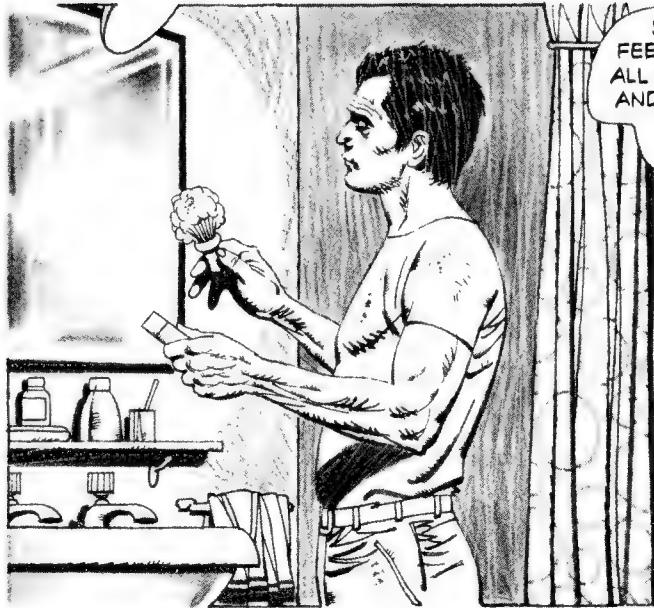
BUT BEING HUMAN... FALIBLE... THEY
WILL LABOR ON FOR SOME MOMENTS
YET, REFUSING TO GIVE IN...



...HOPING TO OVERCOME THAT
EVIL ENTITY, DEATH!



...IF ONLY THEY KNEW...
IF ONLY THEY KNEW!



S'FUNNY...
FEEL A **DRAFT**
ALL OF A SUDDEN...
AND I JUST **SHUT**
ALL THE
WINDOWS...

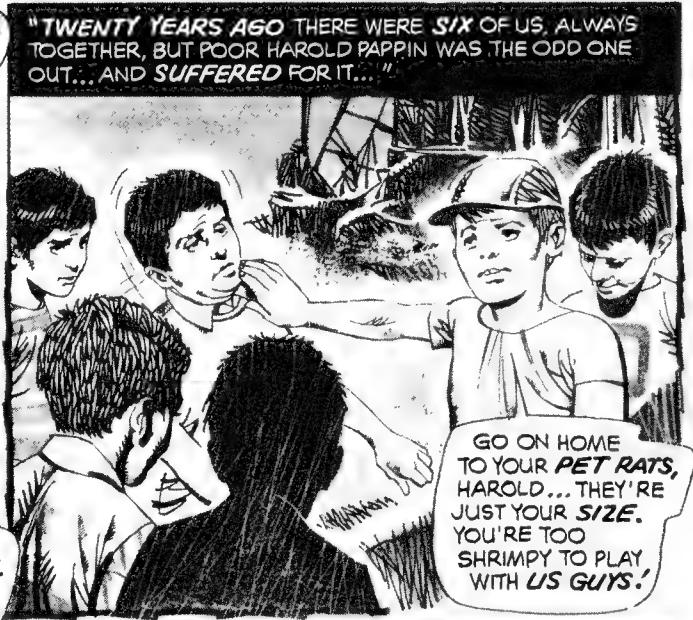


AURALEON



LOOKS LIKE OUR
FRIEND IS IN A LATHER
IN MORE WAYS THAN
ONE OVER HIS
UNEXPECTED COMPANY.
EH PUTRID PERLUSERS?
BUT BEFORE WE
DETERMINE WHETHER
HIS HOSPITALITY WINDS
HIM UP IN THE HOSPITAL,
LET'S TURN THE PAGE TO
ALBERT DICKENS FOR
HIS STORY OF THE...

LAST LUNCH, FOR RATS!



"THEY ALL PICKED ON HAROLD, BUT MAX ROBBINS WAS THE BIGGEST BULLY. MAYBE I JUST FELT SORRY FOR HAROLD, BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT FOR HIM TO COLLECT LUMPS MERELY BECAUSE HE WAS BORN SMALLER THAN THE REST OF US..."

"MAX ROBBINS WAS RIGHT, IT TURNED OUT. I'D BEEN HELPING MY MOTHER WITH THE TOMATO CANNING ONE DAY AND WHEN I WAS DONE I WENT OVER TO CALL HAROLD. HE WAS IN THE YARD, CRYING HIS GUTS OUT..."



"HIS RATS WERE STIFF ON THEIR BACKS, THEIR PINK LITTLE FEET STICKING STRAIGHT UP. A FEW FLIES BEGAN BUZZING AROUND... HAROLD JUST COULDN'T BRUSH 'EM OFF..."

" I CAN STILL REMEMBER HIS FACE NOW,
TWENTY YEARS LATER, ALL TWISTED IN
HURT AND PAIN AND MOST OF ALL RAGE... "

BUT THEY'LL
PAY, ALBERT...
OH, HOW THEY'LL
PAY! I'LL KILL
THEM, ALBERT, I'LL
POISON THEM...

JUST LIKE THEY
POISONED ME
WITH THEIR HATE,
AND MY RATS...
WITH DEATH.

JUST YOU
WAIT AND
SEE!

" I TOLD HAROLD THAT HE WAS
JUST SPOUTIN' WORDS, THAT
HE SHOULD FORGET ABOUT IT...
AND ABOUT TWO WEEKS LATER
AS WE CROSSED THE MEADOW
TO GRAZER'S POND IT SEEMED
HE HAD... "

SURE IS A
GOOD DAY FOR
SWIMMIN', EH
HAROLD?

GOOD DAY
FOR ANYTHING,
ALBERT... NO
SCHOOL FOR
THREE WHOLE
MONTHS!

" BUT, I COULD FEEL THE
FINE DAY SOURING FOR
HAROLD AS WE TOPPED
WIDOW'S PEAK AND SAW
THAT MAX AND THE OTHER
THREE GUYS HAD BEATEN US
TO THE SWIMMING HOLE... "

STILL
WANT TO GO
SWIMMIN'
HAROLD? WE CAN
ALWAYS GO BACK
AND GET OUR
KITES...

...SO LET'S
GET IN THE
WATER.

" I GUESS EVEN I HAD SOME OF MAX'S FEELINGS IN
ME, BECAUSE IT JUST DIDN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT
HAROLD'S LITTLE BODY COULD HOLD THAT MUCH
GUTS, GOING STRAIGHT DOWN THERE INTO WHAT
WAS SURE TO BE TROUBLE AS WELL AS WATER! AND
SOMEHOW, I WAS PROUD OF HIM... "

" AND THE TROUBLE CAME BEFORE THE WATER... "

WELL, IF IT ISN'T
ALBERT AND
RUNTY HAROLD!
HEY, ALBERT...
WHERE YOU BEEN
KEEPIN' LITTLE
HAROLD? IN YOUR
POCKET?

HEY,
PUNY
HAROLD!

YA SURE
THOSE ARMS
OF YOURS
ARE LONG
ENOUGH TO
SWIM WITH,
HAROLD?

" HAROLD PRETENDED NOT TO HEAR THE CRUEL JIBES
AND TAUNTS HURLED AT HIM AS HE JUMPED INTO THE
POND... "

LOOK AT
THAT, GUYS...
HAROLD MAKES
ABOUT AS BIG A
SPLASH AS A
MOSQUITO!

SPLOOOSH!

"THERE WAS SOMETHING IN MAX ROBBINS WHICH SAID HE JUST COULDN'T LEAVE POOR HAROLD ALONE, RIGHT OFF. HE STARTED BY DUNKING HIM UNDER THE MURKY WATER..."

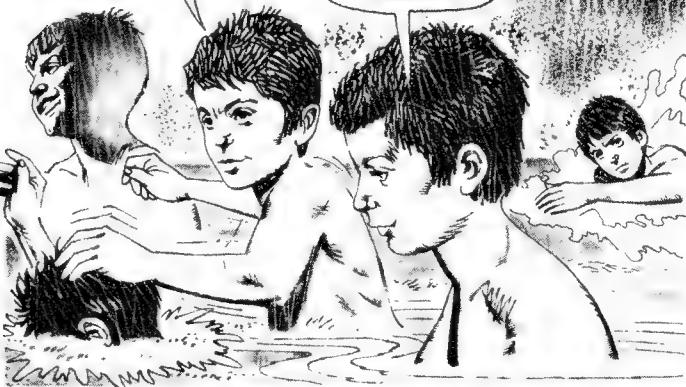
WHATCHA STRUGGLIN' FOR, HAROLD? YOU WANTED TO GO SWIMMIN', DIDN'T YA?

YEAH, HAROLD... EVERYONE KNOWS YOU GOTTA GET IN THE WATER TO SWIM!

"ONCE AGAIN, I HAD TO STOP MAX..."

KNOCK IT OFF, MAX! YOU'RE NOT BEING FUNNY ANYMORE.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! YOU SURE YOU AIN'T HAROLD'S BIG BROTHER, ALBERT?



"THE WHOLE THING WAS MAX'S IDEA, OF COURSE, AND EVERYONE WENT ALONG WITH IT, AS KIDS'LL DO..."

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, LET'S HAVE A CONTEST! WE'LL SEE WHO CAN STAY UNDER WATER THE LONGEST.

IT'S A CINCH HAROLD WON'T WIN... HIS LUNGS AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD HIS BREATH FOR TEN SECONDS!

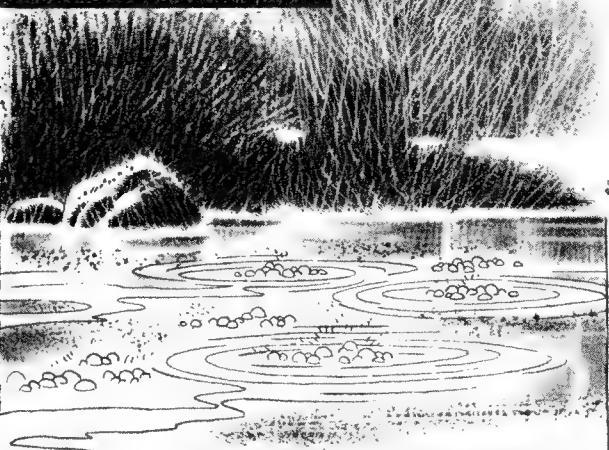
"MAX GOADED HAROLD ON... UNTIL THERE WAS NOTHING HAROLD COULD DO BUT PARTICIPATE IN THE CONTEST..."

YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, HAROLD? YOU'RE NOT CHICKEN...?

SHUT UP AND START YOUR STUPID CONTEST, MAX ROBBINS!



"MAX COUNTED TO THREE AND WE ALL SUBMERGED, HOLDING OUR BREATHS UNTIL OUR CHESTS SQUEEZED PAIN AND WE SAW RED IN OUR MINDS..."



"THEN OUR HEADS BOBBED TO THE SURFACE LIKE A CLUSTER OF COCONUTS, GASPING AND WHEEZING FOR AIR..."



"...ALL OF US EXCEPT ONE... HAROLD PAPPIN..."

HEY..! HAROLD'S STILL DOWN THERE! NEVER THOUGHT HE COULD HOLD HIS BREATH LONGER THAN THE REST OF US!

"BUT AFTER FOUR OR FIVE MINUTES MAX'S RELUCTANT RESPECT FOR HAROLD TURNED INTO A QUIET, CREEPING FEAR..."

HEY, HAROLD, YOU CAN COME UP NOW! YOU CAN COME UP NOW, HAROLD! YOU WON THE CONTEST!

"IN A PANIC, WE BEGAN DIVING FOR HAROLD..."

...BUT WE NEVER DID FIND HIM...

"AND SO WE CRAWLED ONTO SHORE... AND MAX SOLEMNLY RECITED OUR COLLECTIVE PACT..."

AND WE ALL SWEAR NEVER TO TELL A WORD ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE! IF ONE OF US DOES, THE REST OF US GET TO BEAT HIM TILL HE'S BLOODY...

"...A PACT I IMMEDIATELY DISLIKED..."

"...A PACT I ADHERED TO ONLY TEMPORARILY! WHEN THE PHONE RANG LATER THAT DAY..."

NO, MRS. PAPPIN, I HAVEN'T SEE HAROLD!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HAROLD ALL DAY? YOU SEE HIM EVERY DAY, ALBERT DICKENS... AND YOU CALL HIM EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME!

NOW, THE ONE DAY HAROLD'S MISSING AND YOU DON'T CALL HIM!!! SOMETHING'S MIGHTY FISHY, ALBERT DICKENS!

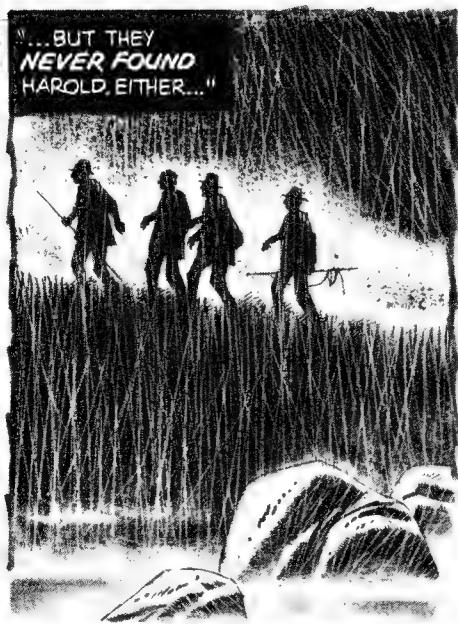
"...AND A PACT I EVENTUALLY BROKE UNDER THE FIRST OUNCE OF PRESSURE..."

IT WAS AWFUL, MRS. PAPPIN! HAROLD WON THE CONTEST / WE WAS DOWN BY GRAZER'S POND AND...

...AND WE HAD A CONTEST TO SEE WHO COULD STAY UNDER WATER THE LONGEST AND HAROLD'S STILL DOWN THERE....

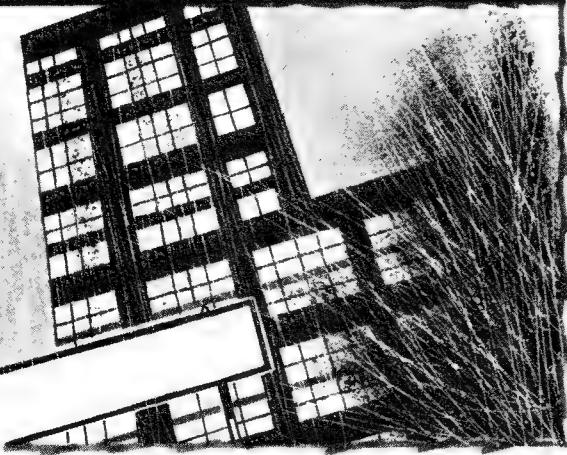
"THEY DRAGGED GRAZER'S POND ALL DAY FOR HAROLD'S BODY."

"...BUT THEY NEVER FOUND HAROLD, EITHER..."



YES, I'M WELL AWARE OF THE STORY OF HAROLD PAPPIN, ALBERT... BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH...

"AS YOU KNOW, THE REST OF US... MAX, ME, RALPH FOULKES, HERB KNOWLES, AND GENE FARBER... WENT THROUGH SCHOOL TOGETHER AND UPON GRADUATION POOLED OUR KNOWLEDGE AND FUNDS TO OPEN A JOINT BUSINESS... THE APEX CHEMICAL CORPORATION OVER ON MAIN STREET..."



THAT BRINGS US UP TO LAST WEEK. I WAS IN THE STOCKROOM UNLOADING A SHIPMENT OF POTASSIUM CYANIDE WHEN HERB KNOWLES RUSHED IN WITH THE NEWS..."

ALBERT...! IT'S GENE...! I WENT TO PICK HIM UP AND HE WAS... LORD, ALBERT, YOU'D BETTER COME LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

"WE RUSHED OVER TO GENE FARBER'S PLACE AND FOUND HIM THE WAY HE WAS, HUNG BY HIS FEET FROM THE CEILING, WITH HIS HEAD IN THE BATHROOM SINK... DROWNED..."



I GUESS IT WAS THE FACT THAT GENE HAD DROWNED WHICH REMINDED ME OF POOR HAROLD AND HOW I USED TO VISIT THE POND EVERY DAY FOLLOWING HIS DEATH..."

"COME ON UP, HAROLD. YOU CAN COME UP NOW, HAROLD."

"I KNOW YOU'RE NOT DEAD..."

"RALPH FOULKES AND I FOUND HERB TWO DAYS LATER, LYING ON THE BOTTOM OF HIS POOL. THE LARGE ROCK ON HIS CHEST RULED OUT SUICIDE... AS HAD THE FACT THAT GENE FARBER'S FEET HAD BEEN TIED TO THE CEILING. BESIDES, BOTH MEN HAD BEEN OWNERS OF APEX CHEMCO... IT WAS A PATTERN..."

"AND THE PATTERN ENCOMPASSED MORE THAN THAT... IT EXTENDED BACK TO OUR CHILDHOOD, AND THE DEATH OF FOUR PET WHITE RATS..."

"THEY'LL PAY, ALBERT... I'LL KILL THEM... JUST LIKE THEY KILLED MY RATS!"

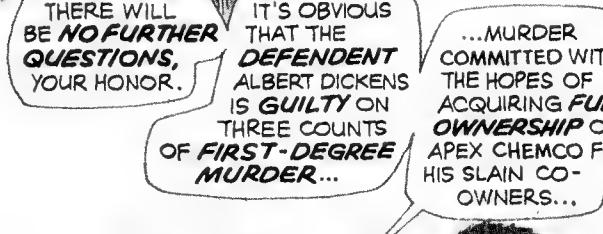
"RALPH'S DEATH YESTERDAY CINCHED IT. DON'T YOU SEE? HE WAS STRANGLED WITH A TOWEL AND DROWNED IN HIS BATHTUB. DROWNED LIKE THE OTHER TWO! DROWNED LIKE HAROLD PAPPIN, WHO HAD VOWED TO KILL ALL THREE OF THEM... AND MAX, TOO."

"IT ALL FITS! THE WAY HAROLD HAD PROMISED TO KILL THEM... AND THE WAY I KEPT YELLING FOR HAROLD TO COME UP..."

"I'LL KILL THEM... JUST LIKE THEY KILLED MY RATS!"

"COME UP NOW, HAROLD! YOU CAN COME UP NOW!"

"IT ALL MUST HAVE WORKED TO BRING HAROLD UP FROM HIS WATERY GRAVE! HIS SUPERNATURAL DETERMINATION... HIS LUST FOR REVENGE... AND MY PERSISTENT URGINGS... MUST HAVE PULLED HIM FROM THE WATER..."



IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE DEFENDANT ALBERT DICKENS IS GUILTY ON THREE COUNTS OF FIRST-DEGREE MURDER...

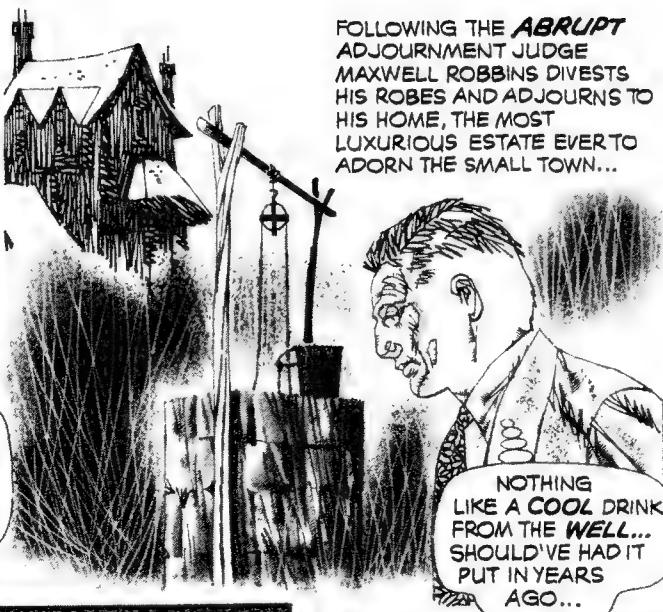
...MURDER COMMITTED WITH THE HOPES OF ACQUIRING FULL OWNERSHIP OF APEX CHEMCO FROM HIS SLAIN CO-OWNERS...

FURTHERMORE, I THINK THE COURT WILL ALSO RECOGNIZE THE DEFENDANT'SILDY CONTRIVED STORY OF A WALKING CORPSE TO BE A FLAGRANT LIE DESIGNED TO PROCURE A RULING OF INSANITY...

NO!!! IT ALL FITS... IT MUST BE WHAT HAPPENED!

THE SIZE OF A YOUNG BOY'S FOOTPRINTS!





IN THE TOWN'S SOLE JAILHOUSE THERE IS AN OPEN DOOR, AN UNCONSCIOUS GUARD, AND WET FOOTPRINTS FLECKED WITH MOLD TRACKING THE FLOOR... FOOTPRINTS THE SIZE OF THOSE OF A YOUNG BOY...



...WET FOOTPRINTS WHICH LEAD TO AND FROM A CELL WHOSE CONSTRAINING BARS HAVE BEEN RIPPED WIDE... WIDE ENOUGH TO RELEASE A MAN...



AND AT THE SMALL TOWN'S MOST ELEGANT ESTATE THERE ARE MORE FOOTPRINTS! AND THERE IS A DEAD MAN, HIS TONGUE DISTENDED, SWOLLEN... HIS EYES BULGING BUT NEVER SEEING THE EMPTY, MOLD-FLECKED BOX WHICH LIES DISCARDED A FEW SCANT INCHES FROM HIS FACE...



TIME WORKS **CHANGES**...IT TAKES THE LIGHT OF DAY AND SNUFFS IT WITH THE DARK OF NIGHT. IT LISTENS TO THE CLAMOROUS SOUNDS OF PITCHED BATTLE AND BLANKETS THEM IN OPPRESSIVE **SILENCE**...

...AND IT SEIZES **LIFE**, MOLDS AND DIRECTS IT, AND GRINDS IT INTO **DEATH**...

EVEN WHEN TIME **FAILS** TO WORK ITS MOST CRUEL CHANGE OF LIFE TO DEATH, IT NEVERTHELESS **CHANGES** THAT OVERLOOKED LIFE...

CASE IN POINT...THE LIFE OF A SMALL **DRUMMER BOY** WHO HAS DESCENDED FROM THE HEIGHTS OF INTOXICATING **BATTLE-LUST** TO THE DEPTHS OF FERVENT SORROW AND **REMORSE**...

...AND OF LOSS, AND **LONELINESS**...

DEAD... ALL DEAD... I KNEW WE WERE... BLOODY REDCOATS!

THE BRITISH HAVE ALREADY **COME** AND PAUL REVERE'S TOLD OF IT... BUT IT TAKES A SMALL DRUMMER BOY TO PROCLAIM THAT...

THE VAMPIRES ARE COMING!
THE VAMPIRES ARE COMING!

THE CHANGE THE BOY WITNESSES IS AN AWESOME, MYSTERIOUS ONE. IT **MANIFESTS** ITSELF IN THE STIRRING CORPSE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER... A CORPSE WHICH RETURNS TO **PERVERTED LIFE**... AND IMMEDIATELY SEEKS **SUSTENANCE** FOR THAT DEPRAVED LIFE...

WH-WHAT'S HE... DOING...! BENDING OVER THAT BODY... KISSING IT...?!

MOVING WITH RAPID, **FLUID** GRACE, THE ANIMATED CORPSE GLIDES FROM THE STILL-WARM BODY OF ONE CASUALTY...



...TO ANOTHER... PAUSING AT EACH ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO DRAIN STILLED CONGEALED BLOOD FROM DEAD VEINS...



...AND HALTING HIS SWIFT, METHODICAL VISITATIONS ONLY WHEN HIS UNHOLY **THIRST** HAS BEEN SLAKED...

...HALTING, AND RISING FROM THE LAST VICTIM OF TWIN RAVAGES: **WAR**, AND THE PREYING KISS OF THE VAMPIRE.

BY THE SAINTS... HE... HE'S BEEN DRINKIN' THEIR BLOOD...!

HOW... HOW DOES HE MOVE SO FAST... AS IF HIS FEET BARELY TREAD THE EARTH...?



THE YOUNG DRUMMER BOY UNDERSTANDS LITTLE OF UNFAIR TAXATION, OF COLONIES AND EMPIRES, OUTRAGED KINGS AND VOLUNTARILY EXILED SUBJECTS, OF TEA CAST INTO HARBORS OR REBELLION IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM...

...BUT HE FULLY UNDERSTANDS THE
EFFECT OF FEAR...

...AND WHAT HE HAS SEEN THIS
BLOODYED NIGHT WOULD INSPIRE
FEAR WITHIN THE BREAST OF ONE
THRICE HIS TENDER AGE...



...FRANTICALLY, IN A FUTILE
ATTEMPT TO PLUMMEL FEAR
INTO THE GROUND WITH
STAMPING, DRIVING FEET...

HE RUNS... HIS MIND SHREDDED
WITH A THOUSAND RED THOUGHTS
HIS DRUM CLUTCHED IN
FORGOTTEN FINGERS,
INSTINCTIVELY...



HE RUNS... HALF THE
NIGHT... A NIGHT OF
RUNNING, A NIGHT OF
FEAR WHICH CLAIMS
THE INEVITABLE TOLL OF
HIS STRENGTH... AND
HE STAGGERS FROM
THE WOODS INTO A
CLEARING...







THROUGHOUT THE LONG SLEEPLESS NIGHT CHAD BOWMAN RESPECTED LIEUTENANT ROBBIN'S ORDERS, REMAINING SILENT ABOUT HIS NEAR-ENCOUNTER WITH THE VAMPIRE...

AND NOW, AT DAWN, THE DRUMMER BOY SUSTAINS THAT SILENCE...

ALL RIGHT -- WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO CUT THE REDCOATS OFF AT THE CROSSROADS.

AND DURING THE WAIT, THE INTERMINABLE PERIOD SPENT ON A HILL WAITING FOR THE SUN TO BURNISH POLISHED BRASS IN THE DISTANCE... FOR SCARLET UNIFORMS ON THE MARCH... HE REMAINS SILENT...

THROUGHOUT THE TEDIOUS DAY'S TREK STILL HE HOLDS HIS TONGUE...

... THOUGH THE UNSPOKEN WORDS THREATEN TO CHOKE HIM.

ALL RIGHT... HERE THEY ARE. LET'S SHOW THE KING'S MEN HOW FREE MEN FIGHT!



EVEN DURING THE **BATTLE** HE REMAINS SILENT... BUT THOUGH HE DRUMS HIS **BEST**, HIS MIND IS **NOT** ON BOOSTING THE CONTINENTAL TROOPS' MORALE WITH HIS STACCATO SNARE...

DISTRACTEDLY, HE EXPERIENCES THE BATTLE, SCARCELY **NOTICING** THE BRITISH COMPANY'S RIGID MILITARY FORMATION... OR THE LACK OF **ANY** FORMATION AMONG HIS OWN MEN...

BLAM

BLAM

BA-LAM

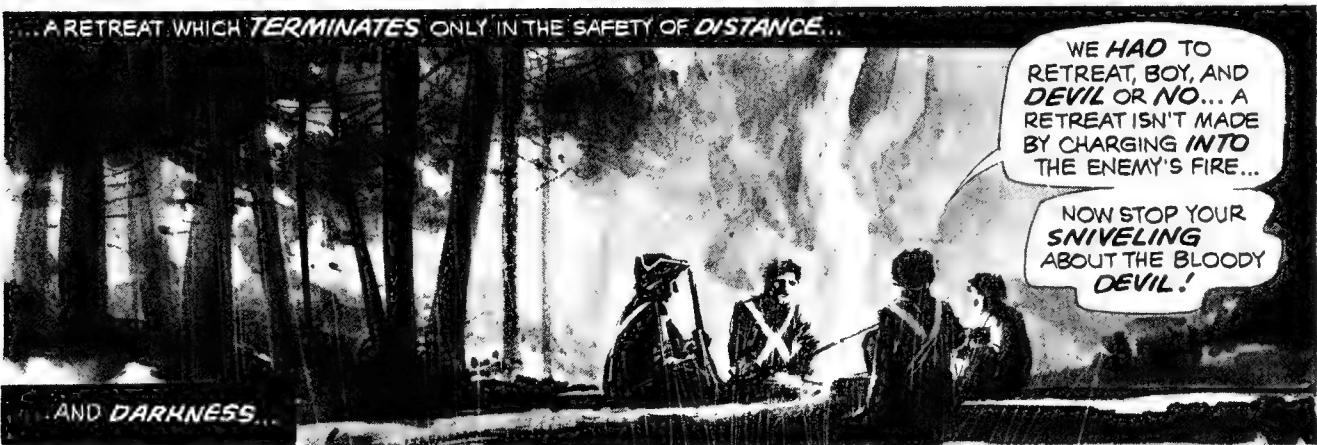


BRIEFLY, FUTILELY, HE ATTEMPTS TO **CONFINE** HIS THOUGHTS... TO CHANNEL HIS ENTIRE **CONSCIOUSNESS**... INTO THE STIRRING TATTOO OF HIS **DRUM**

...BUT ALWAYS, HIS THOUGHTS **BULLET** BACK TO... **DEVIL** ON A DARKENED **BATTLEFIELD**... AND TO THE LIEUTENANT'S IMPOSED **SILENCE**...

THROUGH THE **MASSACRE**... THROUGH THE INCREDIBLY BRIEF TIME REQUIRED TO **ERASE** THE EXISTENCE OF OVER **SIXTY MEN** WITH ACRIDLY FUMING MUSKET AND RIFLE... HE **CONTINUES** TO HONOR THE COMMAND TO **SILENCE**...







...A FEAR WHOSE BASIS IS AGONIZINGLY ROOTED IN THE DEMENTED CACOPHONY OF TWIN SHRIEKS...

NOW, AS THE TWO INFANTRYMEN SLIP INTO THE TANGLED GANGLION OF SHRUBBRY, THE DRUMMER BOY FINDS THAT SILENCE IS THE ONLY ACTION HIS TAUNTED NERVES CAN BEAR...



YAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
AAAIIIIEEEEEE!



...AND A FEAR WHICH IS INTENSIFIED BY THE SOUNDS WHICH FOLLOW. SOFT SOUNDS ECHOED IN HELL...

THEN... THE VIOLENT ERUPTION THROUGH EXPLDING LEAVES... A HURTLING FORM IN BRITISH UNIFORM, EYES FERALLY GLEAMING, MOUTH CONTORTED IN A BLOODY SNARL SPROUTING WICKEDLY BARBED FANGS...



...A FORM WHICH **BURSTS** INTO THE CAMP SITE CLEARING, AND ADVANCES ON LIEUTENANT NATE ROBBINS...

...RELENTLESSLY, IMPERVIOUS TO THE STARK CRACK OF A FRENZIEDLY DISCHARGED MUSKET...

KRAK!

SHOT...WENT...
RIGHT THROUGH...
ITS...THE DEVIL...

THE VAMPIRE LUNGE. HIS LOATHSOME FANGS PUNCTURE PREGNANT VEINS...

...AND LIEUTENANT NATE ROBBINS SCREAMS...

...IN BELIEF...

...A BELIEF SPAWNED IN HIS DEATH.

YAAAHHHHH!

DRAINED OF BLOOD, LIEUTENANT ROBBINS IS NO LONGER OF CONCERN TO THE NOCTURNAL FIEND... AND SO, HIS CORPSE IS CARELESSLY CAST ASIDE...

...AS THE VAMPIRE FIXES ITS AVID GAZE ON A PETRIFIED DRUMMER BOY...

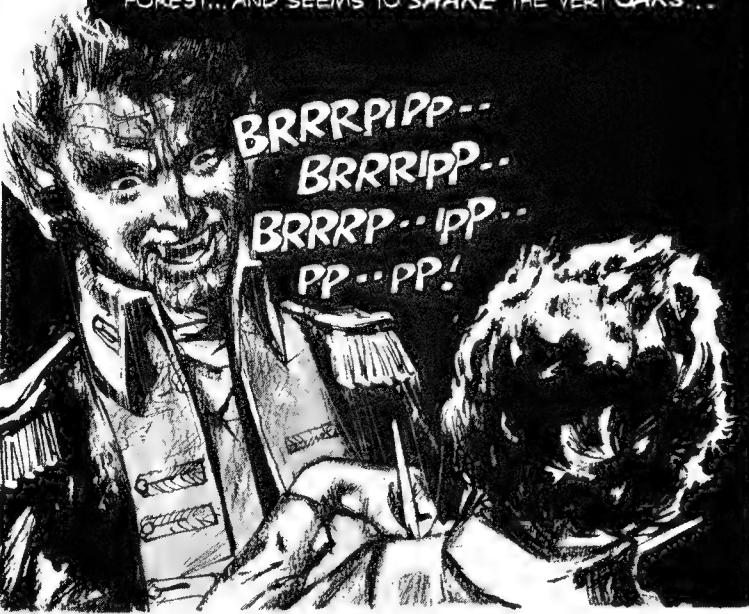
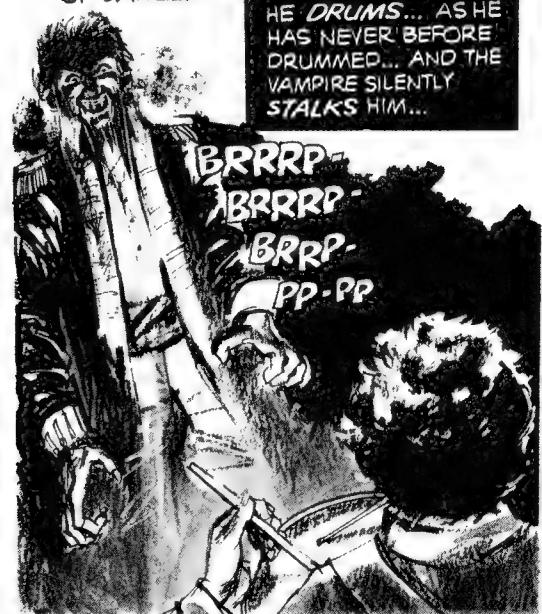
...A BOY WHO HAS NEVER KNOWN HOW TO DO ANYTHING BUT DRUM IN THE FACE OF DANGER...

HE DRUMS... AS HE HAS NEVER BEFORE DRUMMED... AND THE VAMPIRE SILENTLY STALKS HIM...

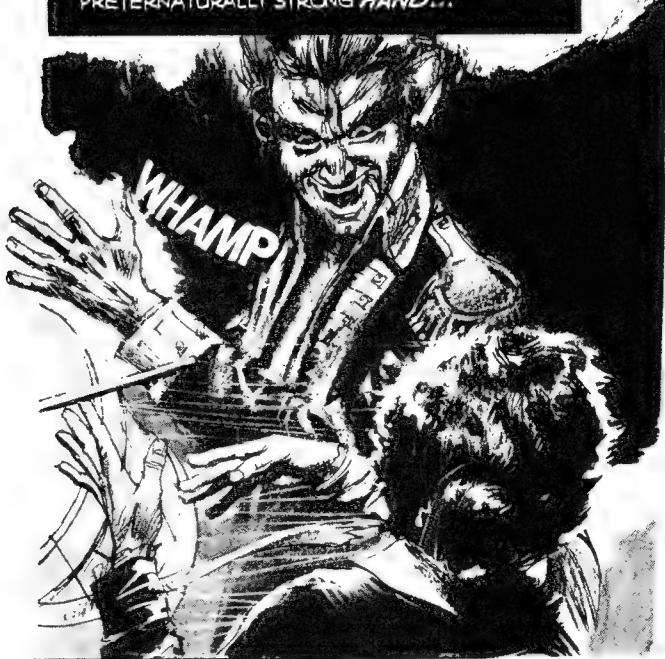
BRRRP-
BRRRP-
BRRP-
PP-PP

HIS STICKS RIPPLE OVER THE STRETCHED SKIN OF HIS INSTRUMENT UNTIL THE ROLLING THRUML FILLS THE FOREST... AND SEEMS TO SHAKE THE VERY OAKS...

BRRRPIPP--
BRRRIPP--
BRRRP--IPP--
PP--PP!



HE DRUMS... UNTIL THE VAMPIRE STOPS HIS DRUMMING... WITH THE BRUTAL SLAP OF A PRETERNATURALLY STRONG HAND...



KLAK-TIK

FALLEN DRUMSTICKS... FATE... TO DEBILITATING EFFECT OF THE CROSS...

...AN EFFECT STEEPED WITH A SIGNIFICANCE THE VAMPIRE FEELS... LIKE ACID SPLASHED SEARING IN HIS FACE...



BUT AN EFFECT TO WHICH THE DRUMMER BOY IS IGNORANT...

AND, IGNORANT, HE CLUTCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE PRECIOUS STICKS, THE ONLY THINGS HE HAS LEFT: HE DESTROYS THE ERSATZ CRUCIFIX...



AND CONFIDENCE RESTORED, THE VAMPIRE SURGES TOWARD ITS EASY PREY...



...ONLY TO IMPALE ITSELF ON THE LETHAL DRUMSTICK...
A DRUMSTICK OF WOOD, NOT UNLIKE A SHARPENED STAKE...



THE TERRIFIED DRUMMER BOY KNOWS LITTLE OF VAMPIRES AND WOODEN STAKES... BUT, SENSING DEATH IN THE HELLISH, IMPALED FORM ABOVE HIM, HE PULLS HIMSELF FROM UNDER THE BLOOD BEAST'S CORPSE...

...AND RUNS... TO WARN THE COLONIES OF THE DEVIL WHICH STALKED THE WOODS THIS NIGHT.

HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT NO ONE WILL BELIEVE HIM... UNTIL THE LATE LIEUTENANT NATE ROBBINS, RETURNS FROM HIS LAST BATTLE...

ONLY THEN WILL PEOPLE BELIEVE

THAT THE VAMPIRES ARE COMING!

TWO VAMPIRELLA'S STUN 5,500 AT 1973 COMIC ART CONVENTION

By Gerry Boudreau

Together for the first time...Cheech Wizard, Big Barda, the Demon, Batman, the Ghost Rider, Ming the Merciless, Spiderman, Two-Face, Elric, Mr. Mind, and not one but two devastating VAMPIRELLAS! Where did this historic congregation take place? In some secret secluded fortress in the Arctic? In the warped imagination of some desperate comic book writer? No, at the Hotel Commodore, on East 42nd Street in downtown New York City.

The occasion was the Sixth Annual New York Comic Art Convention, high-

lighted by a colorful costume parade which, in imagination and splendor, rivals the Macy's Thanksgiving Day outings! (Well, almost!)

Although first prize honors went to Corlant Hull as Ming the Merciless, who captured the image of the villainous tyrant flawlessly, it was undoubtedly the two Vampirellas who captured the hearts of the 5500 fans gathered for the five-day affair.

The first of them was a well-proportioned blonde actress, known professionally as **Destiny**, who is as ravishing as Vampi herself. The other was everybody's favorite fan, 14½ year old **Heidi Saha**, whose distinguished costume was one of the three grand-prize winners.

Judges for the event were artists **Jeff Jones**, **Sergio Aragones** and **Tom Fagan**, chairman of the annual Halloween parade in Rutland, Vermont...which is also known for its influx of bizarre and colorful costumes. Their task was made especially difficult by the number of unique and worthy entries which included, in addition to the already mentioned comic luminaries, the golden age Green Lantern, the Joker, J. Jonah Jameson, The Marquis deSaad, Darkseid and the Juggernaut.

Among the other highlights of the Fourth of July convention was a panel on war comics, specifically **Warren Magazines' Blazing Combat**. The panel featured artist **Russ Heath**, writer-editor of Blazing Combat **Archie Goodwin**, and publisher **James Warren** himself. The panel explored the attitude of the public toward war (or anti-war) comics at the time, and explained several of the factors behind the magazine's untimely demise. This was augmented by a slide show featuring the art of **Russ Heath**, and projected a number of original pages from the magazine before its appreciative audience.

Another panel brought the industry's writers to the fore to reveal all the professional secrets they had promised themselves they would never tell. These included **Warren** writers **Steve Skeates**, **Marty Pasko**, **Gerry Boudreau** and **John David Warner**, along with the industry's other veterans...**Mike Friedrich**, **Steve Englehart**, **Elliot Maggin**, and **E. Nelson Bridwell**.

Also included in the five day program were a number of films which delighted both comic and science-fiction fans. These included the **Beatles'** animated feature "Yellow Submarine", **Stanley Kubrick's** "2001: A Space Odyssey", **The Marx Brothers** "Room Service" and several vintage science fiction flicks: "The Day the Earth Stood Still", "Three Worlds of Gulliver", **George Pal's** "War of the Worlds", "King Kong", and the original Batman serial.

Intermingled with these outstanding events were seminars, panels, auctions, exhibits, and the usual buying and selling of comic magazines, one of the most overlooked but most important functions of the conventions.

The conventions themselves originated some six years ago when Brooklyn

comics dealer **Phil Seuling** created the first Annual New York Comic Art Convention for an attending 750 people. Now the attending membership has grown to 5500, with thousands of supporters unable to be there in person.

Who knows—next year there may be fifty VAMPIRELLAS appearing in the costume parade! If they are nearly as impressive as this year's entries (and I'm sure they will be), you are likely to see 5500 comic fans with bloodshot eyes when you consider the stares that only two drew!



Miss Angelique Trouvere, actress-turned-vampire, uses the stage name, Destiny. When she appeared in her VAMPIRELLA costume at the 1973 Comic Art Convention, she was the hit of the show!

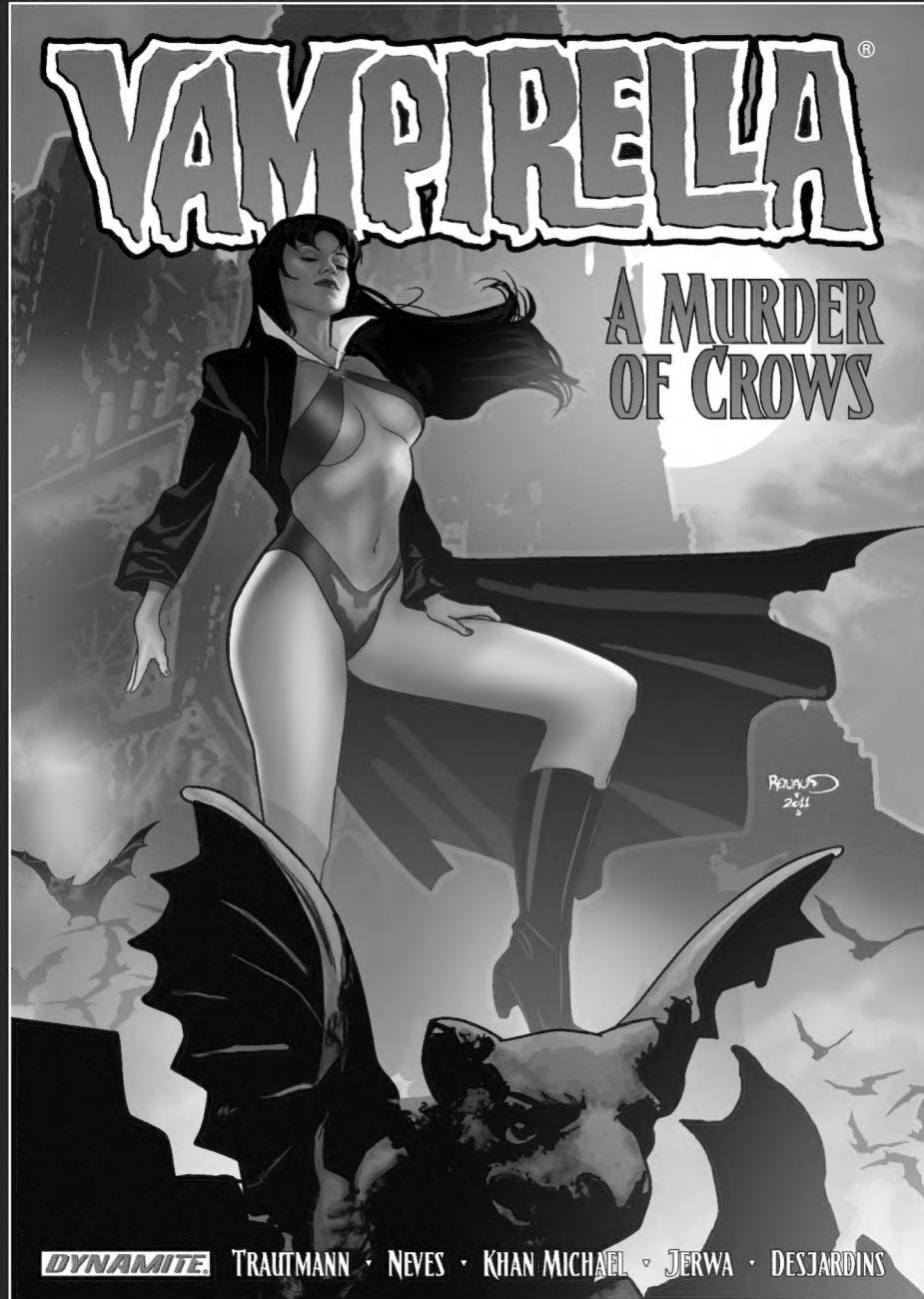


Miss Heidi Saha, a 14½-year-old comic fan, caused quite a stir at the Hotel Commodore when she made her entrance in her award-winning VAMPIRELLA costume. It was like having Vampicometolife!

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...CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

THE POPULAR WESTERN EUROPEAN CONCEPT OF A VAMPIRE... THE ONE STOKER ADHEARED TO IN HIS *DRACULA* NOVEL... ALLOWS THAT THE VAMPIRE MAY *CHANGE* FORM.

IT CAN BECOME A GREAT CAT, A BAT, OR RETAIN ITS HUMAN FORM!

OVER INTO EASTERN EUROPE A WAYS, ROMANIANS CALL THE VAMPIRE STRIGOI. THE STRIGOI ARE OBSCENE DEVIL BIRD-MEN! THEY FLY ONLY AT SUNSET, HYPNOTIZE THEIR VICTIMS... AND EAT HUMAN FLESH, WATERING IT DOWN WITH BLOOD!



AND OVER IN RUSSIA... CHILDREN HAVE BEEN TAUGHT FOR CENTURIES, TO FEAR YORI, THE NOTORIOUS CHILD-THEFTH...

AS THE LEGEND GOES, YORI WHISK AWAY BAD LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT!



SHE THEN DRAINS THE CHILD OF ALL IT'S BLOOD! WHAT THIS ACCOMPLISHES IS UNCLEAR! BUT THE LEGEND MUST SCARE HELL OUT OF DISOBEDIENT RUSSO KIDS!



YORI HAS BEEN CAUGHT AND KILLED MANY TIMES! BUT ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, SHE STILL LIVES ON... AS A GOOD VAMPIRE MUST!



ONE OF THE STRANGEST VAMPIRE LEGENDS COMES OUT OF CHINA!

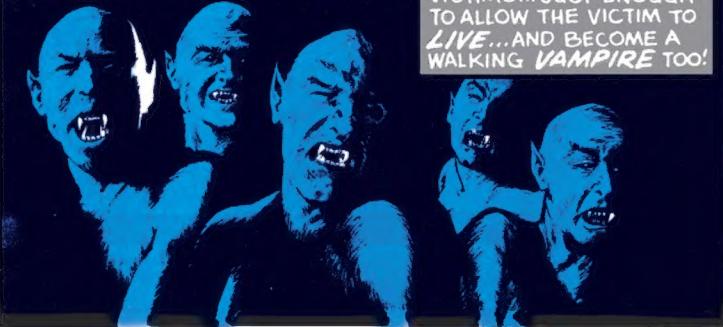
THE CHINESE TELL OF FIVE BROTHERS WHO CONTRACTED A WEIRD DISEASE!

THE SICKNESS DROVE ALL FIVE OF THE BROTHERS MAD! THEY SOUGHT OUT DARKNESS... FEARED THE SUN... AND LUSTED FOR THE TASTE OF FRESH HUMAN BLOOD!

IN SHORT, THEY HAD ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF VAMPIRES, BUT ONE...

...THEY WEREN'T DEAD!

THE BROTHERS SPREAD THEIR VAMPIRIC DISEASE BY FEEDING FROM THEIR VICTIMS... JUST ENOUGH TO ALLOW THE VICTIM TO LIVE... AND BECOME A WALKING VAMPIRE TOO!



BUT THE MOST POPULAR VAMPIRE OF ALL TIME IS STILL... DRACULA!



AND WHETHER THE KING OF THE UNDEAD IS USED IN MOVIES, BOOKS OR COMICS, HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO GET HIMSELF KILLED!

...UNLIKE MOST OF THE OTHER VAMPIRES IN THE WORLD!



EMPIRE